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## CHRONICLE.

**Home Affairs.** THE week began in the profound tranquillity which is proper to the early days of September. Before its end, however, the political battle, which ceases now for ever shorter intervals, was resumed by the Marquess of HARTINGTON, who addressed the Liberal-Unionist Federation of Yorkshire at York on Wednesday, in a speech which we have discussed elsewhere. The Association season was opened on the same day at Leeds by Sir FREDERICK ABEL, who addressed to the British Association a speech which was a survey of scientific work of late years. The Congress then proceeded to discuss science in general, with particular reference to what chemistry has done for the beneficent purpose of at once making war more destructive, and, by making it less personal, of depriving it of much of its old picturesqueness, and of its value as a training in heroism.—A Pharmaceutical Congress, which met at the same time in the same town, and was also addressed by Sir F. ABEL, has discussed the misdeeds of the makers of patent medicines, who not only poison the lieges, but interfere with the authorized practitioner.—The Eisteddfod has held its meeting at Bangor, in which bards from Wales have been visited by a bardess and Queen from Roumania.

**State Publications.** At the end of last week, on Friday, was published the Report of Lord BALFOUR of Burleigh and Mr. COURTENAY BOYLE, the Commissioners appointed by the Board of Trade to investigate the question of railway rates. It contains their decisions of recommendations for the settlement of a dispute in which one party (the Companies) wishes to make all the profit it can, and the other (the traders) is inclined to share the view expressed in a delightfully frank letter from Berwick, the writer of which does not "care a d—" whether the Companies make a profit or not, and candidly expresses his belief that he ought to be provided with a cheap carrier at the public expense.

**Foreign Affairs.** In foreign affairs, the most lively, if not the most important, event has been the continued publication of revelations by those former agents of General BOULANGER who now find nothing better to do with their knowledge than to make copy of it. Substantially what these voices, which began in the *Figaro*, but are beginning to be heard from an ever-increasing number of prints, have to tell us is that the General proposed to use the Royalists with the intention of throwing them over; that the Royalist leaders thought they could use General BOULANGER; that both laid artful schemes which could not be avowed, and that the Royalist leaders could not persuade their followers to run as they wished. There are also many details as to the dreams of candidates for the Presidency, and the real reasons for the choice of M. CARNOT, which, though obviously touched with malice, are not less obviously substantially true. The Third Republic reached its twentieth year this week, the only Government of France which has done so for a century, and it can only claim to have succeeded by making believe a good deal. This has been, to some extent, varied by a discussion of the question whether the King of ITALY did not come to Spezzia to meet the French Squadron because he was prevented by the brutal insolence of Germany, or whether the true cause was the unresting perfidy of England. While the French were debating these weighty questions with the owl-like solemnity common with certain French journalists when they are not smirking or spitting, Admiral HOSKINS, with one squadron of the British Mediterranean fleet, was spending the week at Toulon accepting and returning the hospitality of those very French officers who should have gone to Spezzia. There is a desperate plot

at the back of it all, no doubt.—The Queen-Regent of SPAIN has christened at Bilbao an armoured cruiser called the *Infanta Maria Teresa*, built by MESSRS. PALMER in works erected by them for the Spanish Government. The spectators, we are told, said "How well the English do these 'things!' which is pleasant for us. It is not equally pleasant that Englishmen should find it continually more convenient to do these things abroad.—A Guatemalan General has been killed in the cabin of an American passenger steamer in the harbour of San José while resisting arrest by the Guatemalan authorities—an event which may start a dispute on a question of international law. The family has decided that the United States Government is responsible, and the Minister of the Republic has been compelled to take refuge behind a law book (WHEATON, we hope) against the avenging revolver of Señora BARRUNDIA, the daughter of the unfortunate politician. The first event has roused a considerable amount of feeling in the United States, where there is a party which would be not unwilling to find a pretext for establishing a protectorate in Central America.—The armies of the Continent are busy manœuvring under the eye of the Sovereign—excepting the exception—the Germans near Kiel, in combination with the fleet, the Russians on the Austrian frontier, the Austrians in their remnant of Silesia, the French in various districts from Bordeaux to Lille. The last are experimenting with smokeless powder and new formations.—Suffering by fire in Hungary has been followed by suffering from water. The heavy rains have produced floods in various parts of the Austrian dominions, especially in the valleys of the Moldau and the Danube.—In Turkey a species of truce has been arranged by word of mouth between the SULTAN and the Armenian Patriarch, the SULTAN making one of the endless series of Turkish promises of reform, the Patriarch promising to keep his countrymen quiet. They again are, it seems, promising to murder him if the Porte does not do something substantial.—In America there has been a revival of speculation as to the possibility of forming a Zollverein between Canada and the United States. In the States the McKINLEY Bill gets very slowly nearer becoming law, and has already frightened the French Protectionists into an inclination to reconsider the policy of excluding American pork.

**Trade-Union Congress and Strikes.** On Monday the Trade-Union Congress met at Liverpool. It is the largest which has yet been seen, so large that one of the speakers rather ominously observed that it showed Trade-Unionism to be at its flood. He apparently forgot that flood is followed by ebb. The Congress began by a vote of sympathy with the strikers in New South Wales and Victoria, moved by the most Socialistic of the delegates. Then, after an austere protest by Mr. QUELCH, the meeting decided, by a large majority, to adjourn, in order to enjoy a water frolic and tea on the invitation of the Mayor of LIVERPOOL. On Tuesday the Congress got to work, after a somewhat flowery speech from Mr. MATKIN, which, however, contained the rather tell-tale confession that, as the Unions could not secure a universal eight hours' day in good times, it was hopeless to expect they could do so in bad. Mr. MATKIN drew the deduction that the State could enforce what, on his own showing, was incompatible with the natural conditions of industry. The work consisted of an angry debate, plentifully flavoured by personalities and interruptions, on a proposal to censure the Parliamentary Committee for not sufficiently exerting itself to carry the Eight Hours' Bill. Mr. BROADHURST had to defend himself and the Committee from attacks of a nearly riotous kind, and the censure was finally rejected by a substantial majority—258 to 92. On Wednesday the Trade-Union Congress was employed in voting on a variety of motions—that Government

should be urged to insert in all contracts a clause insisting on the payment of the highest rate of wages; that more inspectors should be appointed, and that some of them should be women; that certificates of competence should be insisted on for various classes of workmen. The proceedings were as riotous as those of the day before, and did, as a matter of fact, generally resolve themselves into a trial of lung power and obstinacy between the old Trades-Unionists and the new Socialistic spokesmen of the labourers. Scotch delegates were heard shouting that they would be listened to; Liverpool men clamoured that they were silenced on their own hearth; and Mr. JOHN BURNS had to be summarily suppressed in an effort to save fifty speeches by talking during the time allotted for fifty speakers. On Thursday the Congress voted—by 193 to 155—that Parliament should be moved to pass an Eight Hours' Bill. The motion was opposed on economic grounds, and the success with which it was carried must be accepted as proof that the Socialistic party in the Congress is far stronger than the voting of the first day seemed to indicate. The motion was supported by its advocates avowedly on the ground that an eight hours' day could not be secured without the employment of force in some form. In the meantime, the Governments of New South Wales and Victoria are stationing artillery and fortifying wharves against the persons with whom the Congress expressed sympathy, and employers are banding themselves in resistance to their demands. The shipowners at home have formed a Shipping Union, which is understood to be resolved to oppose the combination of workmen by a combination of employers.

As is most befitting to the season, the game of Miscellaneous writing of letters to the papers is in full swing.

The mace has supplied one subject, and Mr. ST. JOHN HOPE has taken the opportunity to show that the "bauble" is not at Kingston, but is monarchically clothed, and in its right mind, doing duty in the House of Commons, and has been honourably employed in this way since 1660.—Trial by jury has given solicitors, counsel, and County Court judges a chance of once more showing the awe-struck layman how completely the doctors can disagree on elementary points.—Messrs. HUDSON BROS. have ended the correspondence of sky signs, and have also set an excellent example (followed by others) by taking their own down from Ludgate Hill.—The military doctors are still explaining why they find it an annoyance not to be captains and colonels.—It was inevitable that the Naval Manœuvres should bring the naval critic to the fore in the papers; but, on the whole, there has been less said on the subject than might have been expected—and that little is, to be frank, singularly barren of substantial meaning.—The Dean of St. ASAPH's and others have continued, in answer to Mr. OSBORNE MORGAN, to demonstrate exactly how much morality and religion there is in the Welsh agitation against tithes.

The week has closed a cricket season not distinguished by play of a sensational kind, though several individual players have done brilliantly. The position of county elevens has depended on their possession of effective bowlers. LOHMANN and SHARPE have saved Surrey, and the timely appearance of WOOF did more for Gloucester than the batting of the GRACES. Surrey remains at the head of the somewhat mysteriously composed list of first-class cricketing counties, and Sussex is still at the bottom, amid the pretty generally expressed surprise that after its play of late years it should be even there. On Wednesday the Australians defeated an eleven of the North at Leeds—their third victory in succession. The Scarborough festival has shown some fair cricket.—The fine weather has allowed of not a little yacht-racing, in the West, of the kind which does not put the owner to inconvenience. It has resolved itself largely into a trial of the merits of the *Ivorna*, the *Thistle*, and the *Yarana* in light winds.—The Derby Meeting has afforded some good racing.—Although we ought, perhaps, to have classed it with the British Association or the Pharmaceutical as scientific, yet custom, if not reason, justifies us in putting the International Chess Congress, at Manchester, down under the head of Sport. It has afforded some interesting play—if play it can be called in which there is no element of chance—and, up to the present, Dr. TARRASCH is left at the head of the masters, and Mr. D. M. MILLS has won the Amateur Cup.—The Braemar meeting is in full swing, and has been, according to custom, honoured by the presence of the QUEEN.

Political Speeches, &c. The speech-making of the recess began on Saturday, Lord DERBY and Sir HENRY JAMES speaking at Bury, and Lord HARTINGTON at Barrow. All three avoided politics, confining themselves to business or agriculture, and Lord DERBY touched, in his carefully-balanced style, on the rampant "labour disputes" of the day. This last subject was largely dealt with on Thursday at the Cutlers' Feast by Lord WOLSELEY and Lord CROSS. Lord WOLSELEY had previously repeated one of his favourite confessions of faith in all the latest military fads.—Several correspondents, of whom ROMANUS (*Times*, 30 August) is the most copious and not least convincing, have driven home the moral to be drawn from Mr. DILLON's attack on Dr. O'DWYER. The moral, namely, that, according to the Parnellite view, when thieving is called political, it thereby ceases to be a question of morals.

Two Scotchmen of distinction have died within the week. Dr. MATTHEWS DUNCAN, who died on Monday at Baden-Baden, was a London physician who had been the pupil and assistant of Sir JAMES SIMPSON. He had a share in introducing the use of chloroform in surgery. He was one of the many Scotchmen whose full merit was first recognized in England. The authorities at St. Bartholomew's gave him the Chair of Midwifery when his own countrymen had passed him over. Dr. DAVID DUFF, D.D., who died in Rothesay, was Chairman of the Edinburgh School Board, a preacher and teacher of some mark among the United Presbyterians.—General HODGSON was the last of a family of soldiers whose services cover the larger half of the whole period during which the army has existed as a permanent force. General NUTTALL, of the Indian army, was known by services in the last Afghan War.—Later in the week was announced the death of Miss MARIANNE NORTH—one of the NORTHs—a lady who, enjoying the possession of private means, and combining scientific tastes and considerable artistic skill, devoted all three through long series of years to the study and pictorial exposition of botany. In a series of journeys all over the world, she executed the gallery of studies which now stands, and it is to be hoped will long stand, at Kew.—The death of M. CHATRIAN at what, according to the standard of our times, is the moderate age of sixty-four, has followed close on the undignified quarrel which ended his long-standing partnership with M. ERCKMANN. The stories written by the "firm" since 1853 have gained the greatest popularity of its kind in Europe. This popularity was, perhaps, due less to the intrinsic interest of the stories as stories—though that is often considerable—than to the sometimes pathetic and sometimes comic contrast they present throughout between the heroism of old wars, which the authors loved to describe, and the timid, selfish, distinctly gluttonous, but withal good-hearted and sentimental, type of Frenchman whom they took as their hero.

The coma of the publishing trade leaves us Books, &c. nothing more remarkable to chronicle than a reprint of Cardinal NEWMAN's *Apologia et Callista* (Messrs. LONGMANS). A medallion in terra-cotta of the Cardinal has been executed by Mr. STIFF of Birmingham—not, we think, so good a portrait as the admirable photograph we noticed some weeks ago.

#### THE TRADE-UNION CONGRESS.

IT is recorded that a visitor in an outspoken English family observed confidentially, "At first, you know, I really wondered whether it would be a case of CAN and ABEL from the things you said to each other, but now I see they don't count." Something of the same wonder, passing or not into the same complacency, has been often felt and sometimes expressed by foreigners at the manners of English parties and classes; and there might be new occasion for it in the history of the Trade Union Congress at Liverpool. If there is any place where it might be thought that Trade Unions would not be welcome it is the Mersey seaport. It is not very many months since they tried to ruin, and did actually hamper very seriously, its staple—if not its sole—industry, and it may be questioned whether even London is quite so deeply interested as Liverpool in the system of commerce which, if the newer kind of Trade Union, at least, may be taken on its own words and showing, is shortly to perish from the



face of the earth. Its productions, though, of course, not inconsiderable, and, if the alkali and other industries of the neighbourhood are thrown in, positively large, are nothing to its distribution, and distribution is, as at present arranged, the very citadel and central spider's web of the abominable capitalist. If the newer kind of Trade-Unionist had his way, it is very difficult to see how Liverpool could exist. His close guilds, without which there is to be starvation or bludgeoning, and within which no one is to be admitted beyond a certain number; his fixed hours of working; his principle of at once catching at every margin of profit, and saying "Mine," like the ghostly visitor in DICKENS'S story, are simply fatal to the principles which have made Liverpool what it is. And when the delegates were hospitably entertained on an Atlantic liner, it is odd if there was not some member of the company wide awake enough to say to himself, "These good persons exist for no other definable purpose than to make this costly profit-earning machine useless at a given moment."

Hitherto, however, in England, though we are not anxious to enter for the Optimist Stakes, we may acknowledge that things have rarely been quite so black as they paint themselves. To indulge in less ancient metaphor, every Unionist is most certainly not Mr. JOHN BURNS; while Mr. JOHN BURNS, if the bees of fuss and adulation were got out of his respectable bonnet, and he could be dispossessed of his naively expressed idea that he ought to be allowed to speak *ad libitum* because "one speech of his will save fifty from others," might be a decent person enough. It is something that barely some score and a half delegates, among nearly five hundred, had the virtue to back up Citizen QUELCH, the tyrant-queller, in his noble and, we must own, quite consistent protest about accepting the hospitality of the capitalists. There is some humanizing virtue in your Congress, as eyewitnesses even of the "bold, bad" and defective original, of Social Science called, can bear testimony. It is, as a rule, tolerably good at QUELCH-squelching—an art which is specially and almost purely a social art, and so proper to Congresses. It has hitherto been our English experience, and in the days of the International an experience wider than merely English, that this kind of social instinct does permeate even meetings of this kind to some extent, and that the Continental term of *raison sociale* has a meaning far different from that assigned to it by the dictionaries. The great principle of finding the level applies here as in so many other places, and the cock of the small walk finds that he is by no means the cock of the large. Which discovery, though exceedingly painful to the individual, is almost invariably salutary to the community. At the same time it will not do to be too hopeful. The squabbles which took place on Tuesday between the belligerent Mr. BURNS and persons in general, between Mr. BROADHURST and those who, in appearance blaming his administration, cannot in reality stomach those dreadful shares in BRUNNER & Company, and so forth, ought not to be cast up against the Congress too eagerly. Similar things have happened in the halls of capital itself before now, especially at railway shareholders' meetings. Still, it must be admitted that this nearest approach to the Parliament of Man, as distinguished from the Parliament of the Classes, has been a little robustious in its ways. "Order," "Chair," "hooting," "bosh," "confusion," punctuate the reports merrily. One delegate "hurled" something in another delegate's "teeth as a foul lie." Another talked about another's "noble carcass." "None of your Old Bailey tactics here," quoth Mr. BURNS. And we blush to say that Mr. HOLME, of Burnley, emulating the blackest practices of the effete tyranny of the past, actually wished to exclude the press—to quench the blessed light of the heaven-sent reporter.

Moreover, the vote in favour of an Eight Hours' Bill, though expected and not very decisive, is not an encouraging vote, and the President's speech is by no means an encouraging document. It is, of course, easy to say that a man in such a position speaks only for himself, and that there is a distinct temptation—to which much better educated and more responsible persons than the Presidents of Trade-Union Congresses have succumbed—to tall talk. But Mr. MATKIN's words were apparently received with warm approval by his hearers; and, if they may be taken as representing the ideal for which a majority of working-men are consciously striving, why, then the outlook for the world is rather a bad one. We need not dwell much on individual points of Mr. MATKIN's speech. From his opinion that mine royalties are a gross iniquity, we may

conclude that it is also a gross iniquity that shoemakers have to buy the leather they work up. His talk about a "regenerated Parliament" is not, perhaps, emptier or foolisher than that of many of his betters. His notion that ignorance, vice, and folly are "bred of class government" is a pleasant fancy to be softly laughed over rather than rudely denounced. The distribution of that which is not "Labour" into "the politicians who coquetted with them, the capitalists who feared them, and the philanthropists who patronized them," need only be noted in passing as a tell-tale of the temper of at least the speaker, if not of those for whom and to whom he spoke. But the really important thing is Mr. MATKIN's general conception of what he calls "Labour," and of the "future," which he says is "for Labour." Once more, we may dismiss from the argument, though it is not an unimportant consideration, the exact value of a world where apparently everybody is to be a well-to-do artisan, with good food and comfortable leisure, and nobody anything better. It is more germane to the matter to ask Mr. MATKIN and his mates politely how this paradise, whether it be paradisaical or not, is going to be kept up. Where are the wages going to come from? Who is going to buy the wares produced? To listen to this Trade-Union talk, it would seem possible to eat up your capitalist, your landlord, your *rentier*, your well-to-do professional man, and yet to have him in all these varieties just the same. The accumulated margin of profit which makes the fund whence all these persons provide, on the one hand, materials, plant, and all the conditions of production; and, on the other hand, demand for commodities, is to be abolished by its distribution in greater and greater proportion among Labour, yet it is to be still there, not only to be distributed among Labour, but to keep Labour going to receive it. It would be an excellent good deed if some President of a Trade-Union Congress would come down from his altitudes and just show us how these things are to come about, when nobody has any interest in inventing because the profits of his invention will go to Labour, when nobody has either any capital to invest or any means of practising that thrift which, as we were told the other day, is "bosh." It may be, indeed, that, when everybody has three meals a day and a six-roomed house, and nobody any more, Labour will, as they say some insects do, keep up an order of capitalists on purpose to squeeze them. The action of the Dockers seems to show that it will be very ready also to keep another order of helots below it, who, we presume, are to be labour with a small "l." If this is the secret, Labour will have to be very careful not to let the capitalists and the helots get too strong for it, lest they overcome; or too weak, lest they suffice not for its needs. In short, the problems before Labour in that future which belongs to it, and in which it is to reap all the fruit after carefully cutting down all the fruit-trees, seem to the prophetic but unprejudiced eye likely to be rather complicated and very interesting—much more complicated, but not much less interesting than those which await the proverbial gentleman who sits on a branch and saws merrily away at it. It is really unkind, not to say unwise, of Labour not to pay a little more attention to them at these its gatherings, instead of alternately indulging in Hallelujahs and beaughts.

#### HOW I FOUND NEWMAN.

By A. S. SILLY.

(Reprinted by permission from the *Tri-weekly Magazine*.)

IT was a morning in August, and I was taking a ride. Nature wore the aspect in which I most dearly love to see her. She resembled a gigantic looking-glass. I gazed into it with inexpressible rapture, while a haughty smile played upon my handsome face. But all this time the reader is waiting anxiously to hear why I was riding in August—a practice not common among the lovers of the horse. I will disappoint his eager expectation no longer. I was going to call on Lady P—. I glided into her drawing-room with easy grace, and with well-bred nonchalance inquired how the world wagged with her. My exquisite sense of humour makes me a delightful companion, and her Ladyship is accustomed to smile at my witty sallies. This morning, though I was quite as brilliant as usual, she did not smile. She held up her forefinger, and in a hushed whisper asked, "Have you not heard?"

I became slightly austere, and visited Lady P—with a vapid frown. "Surely you must remember—you cannot have forgotten anything so important—that I never read a newspaper, like common people, in the morning? Indeed," I added, musingly, "a man of original mind who subscribes to R—KE'S Agency need not read the papers at all." I was annoyed to observe that Lady P— was not listening. "There's a great spirit gone," she said. "The good Cardinal —." My manner suddenly changed. Badinage gave way to business. "Madam," said I, with a half-conscious reminiscence of Dr. JOHNSON, "I must ask you to be more specific. This is no time for trifling. If it is HOWARD, I must communicate instantly with the Duke of NORFOLK. If it is MANNING, I must leave you immediately, or that fellow S—D will forestall me." "I said the good Cardinal," she replied rather drily. A deep sense of relief fell upon my soul. I sank back into my chair, murmuring, "Good old JOHN HENRY. *Felix opportunitate mortis tue*. Your letters are duly docketed. Your memoir only needs an introduction. The September magazines will not be out for another fortnight. I wonder whether K—ES or H—S would offer me the better terms." I had quite forgotten my hostess, who was looking at me rather oddly out of the corners of her eyes. As I rose to take my leave (there was no question of luncheon), my quick eye caught the words "Memorial verses" upon a sheet of notepaper. "This haste," I thought to myself, "is hardly decent." I said nothing, however; but, overcome with emotion, hurried from the room, and leapt lightly into the saddle.

I rode along the sea-shore—this is an essential detail—and pondered over my departed friend. I was reflected in the Ocean. SOLOMON in all his glory was not arrayed like me. But none of these things could move me now. "There's a great spirit gone." These brilliant and original words of my talented neighbour came into my mind. "There's a tag for you, SILLY, my boy," quoth I. I fell, not into the sea, but into a reverie, from which I was awakened by the sight of a brown envelope, which seemed to have fluttered insensibly from Heaven. It was a telegram from my esteemed employer, the editor of the *Tri-weekly Magazine*, reminding me that, in the highly improbable event of my dear and venerated friend predeceasing me, I had promised that a tribute from my hand should adorn the pages of that periodical. I felt at first as if I could not keep my promise. But I am a man of my word, and this weakness was of short duration. "Down, beating heart!" I said; "back, rising tears! the hour of self-advertisement has come."

The first time I saw that remarkable man the Birmingham Oratory was under repair. The workmen were probably Protestants. They had left numerous holes and laid many traps for the unwary. But the great Apologist, nothing daunted, threaded his way among all these pitfalls with the agility of a rope-dancer. "Keep your eye on me, Mr. SILLY," he exclaimed, "and I'll pull you through." I have never forgotten that saying, and I have acted on it more than once. I took rooms as near as possible to the Oratory. I made myself as agreeable as I could, and nobody can be more agreeable than I can. One day, after watching assiduously and incessantly for the *mollia tempora fundi* (the reader will by this time have perceived that I am a consummate Latinist), I suggested that Catholic truth might be served if I published, with my name on the title-page, some extracts from his voluminous writings. The old man, *quasi numine quodam percitus*, approved of the idea. He begged that I would make the selections myself, merely stipulating that he should add to, or subtract from, them as he thought fit. When I returned from this interview, I felt, like BOSWELL, "exalted in piety." I understood that NEWMAN had been raised up to bring my name before the public, and, prostrate in humble self-admiration, I sank upon the ground.

It was not merely that I had, so to speak, got into the bill. My *Elegant Fragments of an Eminent Christian* brought me into frequent correspondence with the E. C. Of course I could not forfeit my character as a man of fashion by going to London in August. But I sent for these letters, and, as they were not marked "private," I shall, according to the usages which prevail among gentlemen, print them without the smallest scruple. Do not, however, let me be misunderstood. I shall not print indiscriminately—only those which refer to me and my concerns will be given. Thus shall I best consult the wishes

of my dear master on the one hand, and the interests of the whole community on the other.

My dear Mr. SILLY,—I can have no objection to your putting a photograph of me at the beginning of the book, provided that you do not put one of yourself at the end. Although I was never vain, and have outlived what little vanity I had, I could not bear the thought of my old and faded features being contrasted with your bright and blooming visage.

Perhaps you will allow me to suggest that my poor words shall be left to stand or fall by themselves, and that there should be as little as possible in the way of introduction, or explanatory footnote. It is not that I undervalue your truly admirable style, or that I do not feel how much better you could say the thing than I myself could. Indeed, it is just because I feel my own inferiority that I beg you to spare me a juxtaposition which would be painful to my feelings.

I may, perhaps, take this opportunity of saying that I cannot understand what some critics mean by attributing irony to the Cardinal. I never detected the slightest trace of that very disagreeable quality in his correspondence with me. Having profited by much intercourse with him, and acquired some share of his pure, beautiful, and idiomatic English, I may appropriately here observe that his nature struck me as puissant and fecund. The writer who should say "powerful" and "fertile" would prove that NEWMAN had for him lived in vain.

I need hardly say that whenever the Cardinal entered the portals of aristocratic society he encountered me. I am the friend of the nobility and gentry; the darling—some say the spoiled darling—of the great. Certain it is that dukes compete with the inferior nobility for the privilege of entertaining me at their little dinners. But it was not Dr. NEWMAN'S habit upon those occasions to take much notice of me. To claim his undivided attention, I repaired to Birmingham. Having read in the *Apology* that he was fond of solitary walks, I assured him that I shared his taste, and offered to accompany him in his rambles. He never declined the offer. He was the soul of politeness.

But I am in danger of forgetting myself, which is far from my intention. I began to write in 1875. [Biographical dictionaries please copy.]

April 1, 1876.

My dear Mr. SILLY,—You must let me tell you how much I think of the last work you were good enough to send me. [*The Pope in Evolution*. 6 vols. BURRS & SROATS.] It is full of wit, and wisdom, and eloquence, and learning. I have assigned the various volumes as penances to the Fathers for venial transgressions, with the best possible results. Would you excuse the freedom of an old man if I were to suggest that to assume the point you have to prove sometimes weakens the force of your arguments—not, of course, with Catholics, but with Protestants, and with those who are still walking in darkness? *Totus mundus ambulat in tenebris*.

The last present but one I had the joy of receiving from you [*Judas the First Jacobin*. Publishers as before] is, though wonderfully clever, perhaps a little one-sided. Will you pardon me for speaking the truth in love, and telling you plainly that a few more books of this kind would make me a Jacobin myself? But I am old and feeble. Younger minds will doubtless be led to very different conclusions.

The reader will like to know where I was when I received this radiant and comforting epistle. I was at Margate, and I must not forget to add that the morning was fine, the tea weak but tasty, and the shrimps as fresh as could be expected in the circumstances.

Here I pause to remark that I highly disapprove of Mr. GLADSTONE'S pamphlet on the Vatican Decrees. I am sorry to give an old man pain, and I am aware of all the terrible consequences to which my censure will inevitably expose him. But no one shall ever say that A. S. SILLY shrank from his duty. The pamphlet, in striking contrast with my own works, was sophistical and bombastic, and it never once mentioned me or my *Elegant Fragments*. But, indeed, it would be wrong for me to conceal my conviction that all modern politicians, except the Duke of NORFOLK and Lord DENBIGH, are poor creatures. They are beneath me. I despise them. They are obviously unacquainted with my philosophical works. They are in *maligno ponti*. They forget, when they scatter broadcast their worthless political publications, the prophetic words of VIRGIL—*Manibus date lilia plenis!*



April 1, 1877.

My dear SILLY,—Once more, on this anniversary of our Church, and indeed of our common humanity, your name rises to my lips, and your ripe wisdom to my—shall I say imagination? How wonderfully clever and amusing your last article was [I cannot recollect which article he meant. It might be any of mine]. Perhaps I might find it less convincing if I had not said it all before myself—but all in how inferior a manner. You are a far abler controversialist than I am, although from some accidental and unaccountable circumstance the public seem imperfectly to apprehend the fact.

My task is for the present completed. I should not have undertaken it if the daily and weekly press had contained adequate notices of the Cardinal, or if I had not felt that the civilized world expected a communication from me. If there is a quality which I detest and abhor, it is the rampant and vulgar egoism that cannot be repressed by the humbling influence of departed genius and the solemn associations of the grave. The reader will observe that I have kept my own miserable personality almost entirely out of these modest reminiscences, and will be pleased to learn that the *Elegant Fragments* has just reached the twentieth or thirtieth edition—I really forget which.

## LORD DERBY ON THE COMMERCIAL OUTLOOK.

IT is certainly easier at the present time to say hopeful things, without any painful signs of effort, about our commercial, and even our agricultural, prospects than it was a few years ago; as, indeed, might have been certainly inferred from the mere fact that Lord DERBY can bring himself to say such things at all. His speech at the dedication of the public playground the other day at Bury was singularly cheery for him; and, like other undemonstrative, not to say somewhat frigid, persons, he may enjoy the satisfaction of feeling that, when he does speak words of encouragement, they have a much more encouraging effect than the words of those more effusive orators whom we possess in so much greater abundance. It would be hardly correct or fair, perhaps, to include Lord DERBY's fellow-guest of the evening, Sir HENRY JAMES, in this category; but the speech which he contributed to the entertainment and instruction of his civic hosts at the Bury Town Hall was assuredly rather suggestive of the contrast above referred to. We can, at any rate, hardly fancy any desponding constituent of Sir HENRY JAMES's deriving much solid reassurance from a speech in which he was invited to regard it as "certain that, within the next few years, the policy of America will be 'one of open ports and free markets to our industries compared with what it has been in the last few years.'" It must rather shake that weak brother's faith in Sir HENRY's other certainties to know that the mathematical "expectation" of them would be expressed by the same formula as the probability of the United States being converted from Protectionism to Free-trade "within the next 'few years.'" So that when, for instance, his representative assures him that the signs of the advent of happier times for the commerce and industries of this country are "distinct and clear," he must feel a little doubtful whether the sanguine orator's ideas of distinctness and clearness can possibly coincide with his own.

Nor is it altogether impossible that certain of Sir HENRY JAMES's previous remarks about the duty of the State with respect to the promotion of the comforts and amusements of the people may have been listened to with a little dismay by a colleague who, at one time at any rate, used to hold old-fashioned views about the extent to which Government can wisely attempt to play the part of a sort of wealthy and amiable maiden aunt to a population of thirty millions. Lord DERBY, however, had already had his say, and had, therefore, no opportunity, even if he had felt the inclination, to protest. His own speech, we need hardly say, though abundantly cheerful in tone, was full of his usual reservations—to the extent, sometimes, of producing that effect of "see-saw" which has led some hostile critics to aver that Lord DERBY has never committed himself (perhaps in deference to the well-known sporting axiom that no bet is a good one till it is hedged) to any positive categorical statement on any subject whatever. He thinks, for instance, that Bury has made "reasonable progress," and

he hopes it will continue. "But in speaking about future improvement a word of caution has to be added," and that is, that we "must not go too fast." There is a real danger in the accumulation of local debts, which has been going on in England at a great rate. But, after all, the state of things here in this respect is not so bad as it is in Italy and France; and, moreover, our towns cannot in any case go on growing at the rate of the last half-century. "There must be a limit somewhere, and in time we shall reach it." Meanwhile the improvement which seems to be most imperatively called for is that of "lessening, as far as is possible without discouraging industry, the annoyance of smoke and vapour." We cannot do so much in that direction as some unreasonable people expect, because "we shall never make the air of East Lancashire like that of the Scotch or Welsh towns." Still, we can do something to effect the consumption of smoke, and to bring back in a great measure to these districts "the natural beauty which once characterized them." That, however, will cost money; but then, again, it will not cost much money, because, &c. And so forth, and so forth.

On our industrial prospects Lord DERBY speaks, it is true, with a little more directness and decision; but still, to adopt his own style, with not much more. There is acuteness and force in the inquiry why, "If foreigners are strong enough to fight us" in neutral markets, "they entrench themselves up to the eyes in protective tariffs, and refuse to face us in open competition on their own soil?" The question, however, does not go entirely to the root of the matter; since what our industry has chiefly to fear is, not the competition of the foreigner in the neutral market, but the possibility that, by the continual heightening of protective tariffs by one nation after another, there will be few or no neutral markets left to us. It is this apprehension, we think, that produces the feeling of despondency which Lord DERBY thinks may be merely a reaction "from the foolish bragging and swaggering which used to be too much our national characteristic"—hardly an adequate explanation, it seems to us, considering that the "bragging and swaggering" aforesaid, so far as it was a national habit at all, has been balanced from time immemorial by an at least equally common and persistent trick of self-depreciation. Lord DERBY, however, cannot be said to sum up the situation in terms of extravagant optimism; or rather, we should say, his forecast, to the extent to which it is optimistic, assumes so large and doubtfully attainable a series of antecedent conditions as to deprive it of any very exhilarating effect. "Provided," he says, "we keep at peace—which is a good deal, though not entirely, in our own hands—provided we go on lessening our debt as we are doing now, and so provide for lightening taxation in the future; provided we do not quarrel too desperately among ourselves, and so drive away business and capital to other countries, I see no reason why any foreign nation should go ahead of us." Perhaps we may be trusted to keep the peace, if not to reduce the National Debt; but whether we shall, or shall not, drive away business and capital to other countries by our desperate quarrels among ourselves is the very question the uncertainty of which is at the bottom of all the anxiety as to our industrial future that has ever found its way into any but an unduly despondent mind.

This naturally leads us to Lord DERBY's observations on the struggle between capital and labour, where again he deals rather in encouraging generalities than in definite indications of hopeful signs. The struggle in question was never keener, he admits, than it is at the present time, "and, so far as we can see," he adds, "it is not likely soon to cease; but there are limits within which it must of necessity be confined, unless indeed it becomes a question of passion, and not of calculation. It cannot be to the interest of Trade-Unions to drive trade away, and their leaders know as well as any one else that high prices mean diminished consumption, and that labour made artificially dear in one place will be swamped by cheaper labour in another." To say that it cannot be to the interest of Trade-Unions to drive trade away is a proposition akin to that more venerable axiom that "the interests of labour and capital are identical." There is a sense in which the truth of both is undeniable; but of each, unfortunately, it must be added that that is also the sense in which it is most difficult to get the machine-men of the Trade-Unions to recognize its force. As to the consideration that labour made artificially dear in one place will be

swamped by cheaper labour in another, Mr. BURNS, Lord DERBY should be aware, is under the impression that the new Unionism has devised a highly practical mode of dealing with that difficulty. The latter description of labour is simply not to be allowed, according to his plan, to "swamp" the former. The labourers who propose to provide it are to be warned off as blacklegs, and the "capitalist"—or, in other words, the community—is to be called upon to support them. This plan cannot, of course, succeed if Parliament and the Executive discharge what Lord DERBY rightly calls their "plain and manifest duty"—that of keeping the ring clear, and taking care that the freedom of the individual workman is respected. But this duty, we regret to say, has not always been efficiently discharged, and the danger is that, so long as the representatives of the new Unionism believe that they can count upon its neglect or its imperfect fulfilment, they are not likely to acknowledge the cogency of Lord DERBY's reasoning. The argument that the price of labour tends to a uniform level is convincing only on the assumption that the supply of labour is practically unlimited; and this, again, presupposes that the labourer is free to offer his labour to whom he will. And the whole energies of the new Unionism are evidently being directed to the associated and interdependent objects of artificially limiting the supply of Unionist labour and forcibly restricting the liberty of the non-Unionist labourers.

#### THE ART OF INTERVIEWING.

IT is not recorded (so far as we remember) that any of the persons whom JUVENAL immortalized as, when there was no other means of turning a penny, entering into contracts for a certain branch of the public service, wrote a treatise *de arte conducendi*—the particular article. But their business required, and no doubt furnished them with, less brass than the business in which Mr. FRANK BURR, the author of an article on "The Art of Interviewing" in *Lippincott's Magazine* for September, remarks with honest pride that he has spent some thirty years of his life. It is human to wonder at Mr. BURR, but not philosophical. For, if he had been susceptible of the weakness called shame, he certainly could not have adopted—at least could not have persevered in—his interesting vocation. Still the interviewer is, take him all round, perhaps the most wonderful of God's creatures—a remark which he will probably take as a compliment. Of almost all vices and crimes, a wise man will be very careful, bearing the experience of HAZAEL in his mind, how he says, "Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this thing?" But the temptation of interviewing escapes the most careful search. A common informer, perhaps, persuades himself that he is an important limb of the law. A spy has mystery, danger, and the chance of great deeds to spirit him through his dirty work. A hangman may have read the *Soirées de Saint-Petersbourg*, and besides there is a sort of ghastly element of sport in his proceedings—he undeniably "kills" something. The tribe of Mrs. QUICKLY and Sir PANDARUS of Troy, though not highly thought of by the world, have always pleaded good nature as their excuse. Except the mere gaining of money (of which, as his qualifications are indifferently applicable to many worthy lines of business, he could probably obtain as much in creditable ways), and, perhaps, a touch of the mania for seeing notable people, it is difficult to imagine any excuse for the interviewer. He knows himself to be the object, not merely of loathing, but of the intensest scorn to every tolerably self-respecting victim of his. He must be very frequently bored to death by his own business, which is as silly as it is vulgar. If he has a greater contempt for anybody than for himself and those who suffer him, it must be for those who read his rubbish. He knows that no one but a fool will ever tell him anything new or worth knowing, and that except by the merest accident a fool has nothing new or worth knowing to tell. Perhaps there is a faint excitement in wondering whether he will be actually kicked downstairs or not; and one, a little stronger, in trying, by impudence or cajolery, to soften a reluctant victim (though in such cases *magis probatum est* by interviewers to write the interview out of their own heads). Charity and ingenuity combined can see no other attraction. Naturally, Mr. BURR is not in this mind. He records, with a mild wonderment, that somebody "never was quite

"reconciled" to being interviewed. He has a guess at the inventor of his art—one J. B. McCULLOUGH, he thinks—though for our part we do not know why J. B. McCULLOUGH should have this precedence above the "common damned," the Mr. EAVESDROPS of many years and centuries before J. B. McCULLOUGH arose to be a nuisance. The temper of the artist has so simulated itself in Mr. BURR that he requires some one to grumble at, and that person is naturally the editor, who spoils the work of good interviewers. He has reminiscences of "the brilliant HENRY WATTERSON," of MURAT HALSTEAD, who did some "great work" in "this pleasant and efficient method" (of getting Vanity into communication with Folly through the medium of Falsehood), of W. F. G. SHANKS, of course of the inevitable Mr. CHAUNCEY M. DEFEW, who has of late seemed to be elected by a certain kind of journalist to the position of bore general to the universe. He supplies a short list of the plant, outfit, and equipment of the interviewer, in which, however, the triple-brazen phylactery is not mentioned, nor any kind of guard for another part of the person which, we should have thought, would have required some protection in order to give real confidence to the practitioner in this art. He gives numerous anecdotes and examples of his exploits therein perpetrated on victims, ranging from JEFFERSON DAVIS to ROBERT G. INGERSOLL, of whom the best thing that we ever heard is that he will write the interview down for you while you wait. It is possible that the humour of this *reductio ad absurdum* strikes ROBERT G. INGERSOLL; it evidently escapes FRANK A. BURR altogether. But then an interviewer could hardly have humour, unless it were of a more than Swiftian inhumanity, or he would go and hang himself in order that he might be glad of it afterwards. Mr. FRANK A. BURR is not in the least Swiftian. It would even appear that, after thirty years of interviewing, he has no contempt for the interviewed, and that is perhaps the most wonderful wonder of wonders in his whole miraculous personality. It supplies, dimly, distantly, and indistinctly, but it still supplies, a glimpse of the reason why he has apparently no contempt for himself.

#### TITHE-STEALING.

THE morality of the anti-tithe agitation in Wales has been vigorously discussed for some days past in one of the morning papers. We hope the controversy may last for some days longer, and more particularly that a greater number of persons like Mr. OSBORNE MORGAN and Mr. CLEMENT BALTHACHE (unless BALTHACHE he more willingly hears) will address the public. For these gentlemen are amongst the most religious and authoritative exponents of the movement. They know its ins and its outs. If it is to be explained on any just ground, these are the men to reveal its justice and make plain its morality; or if, trying their hardest, they can do neither the one thing nor the other, so conspicuous a failure should have a summary effect on doubting minds. Let us, then, have more letters from more OSBORNE MORGANS and CLEMENT BALTHACHES. So far the defenders of tithe-retaining have done greater service to the cause of truth and enlightenment than their opponents; and we observe with deep regret that they seem to be fainting on the way. Does Mr. BALTHACHE know how much he contributed to popular knowledge when, in his letter in reply to Dean OWEN, he made so frank a display of the sectarian spite that animates most of the Welsh preachers against the payment of tithe? Will he not continue his revelations of that poor spirit of hatred to the Church, the vulgar jealousy which is so large an element in the whole matter and so necessary to be understood? We pray him to do so, for the truth's sake, and to do it with all the smartness of his most appropriate style. Mr. OSBORNE MORGAN, too, should reconsider his determination to retire from the controversy. The letters which he has already written to the *Times* are indeed enough to prove, to all who needed such evidence, that the keenest advocate of the anti-tithe conspiracy can make nothing better of it than a combination to refuse the payment of just debt, from motives in which self-deceit, personal greed, sectarian prejudice, sectarian malice, and party intrigue are mixed in varying proportions, without a particle of respect for private obligation or public law. But we are not content that Mr. OSBORNE MORGAN should retire from the controversy till he has gone once more through the round of his expositions and apologies. Taken



generally, the public mind is a door which does not open till it has been well knocked at; the refusal to pay tithe is associated with a vast body of doctrine similarly inspired; and if Mr. OSBORNE MORGAN cannot be persuaded any other way to repeat his defence of "the tithe war" in Wales, a fund might be raised to pay him handsomely for loss of time in bringing home his arguments to the popular conscience.

Besides, his latest essay remains unfinished. He ought not to retire from the controversy till he has answered one or two questions plainly put to him before he dropped his pen. The promoters of the Welsh "tithe war" assert that payment of tithe to its legal owners is denied because it is in truth national property, and ought to be applied to national purposes alone. Even those who have a particular repugnance to passing on any money for the use of a Church to which they do not belong justify their refusal to pay tithe on the ground that it is national property. Challenged to remark that nevertheless the patriotic and delicately conscientious Welsh farmer puts the money into his own pocket, Mr. OSBORNE MORGAN admits that "such cases may occur, for human nature is human nature; but," he adds, "I believe they are the exception, not the rule." Then what is done with the cash, which in some instances is withheld from Anglican parsons who are known to live in a state of semi-starvation accordingly, in others from the support of charities and schools? The question has been put to Mr. OSBORNE MORGAN; let him answer it. If tithe is national property, should not the scrupulous farmers who so regard it place it in fund for national use? Do they? Has the Anti-Tithe League, or the South Wales Liberal Federation, or any such body, ever suggested the funding of tithe for public purposes? If so, what success did the suggestion meet? If not, why not? And is it not a fact that, while no man asserts that tithepayers have a right to the tithe, they do pocket it "as a rule" whenever it is kept back from its lawful owner? A true and straightforward reply to these questions from Mr. OSBORNE MORGAN would be invaluable. Mr. BAITACHE need not be asked to answer them. We know the tenour of his views by the statement that, in his opinion, "the morality of the agitation is merely of academic interest."

And what is meant by "national uses" for the money which at present is unlawfully withheld from its owners? We are not left in doubt on that point. No one is at liberty to suppose that reduction of the National Debt is included in the patriotic design of the pocketers of tithes. The suggestion is that, if, instead of being asked to pay what is due to "a Church of whose doctrines they disapprove," the Radical and Nonconformist farmers of Wales could be assured that the money would be employed in providing intermediary education locally, "tithes would be as easily collected as the highway rate." That is to say, if, instead of putting cash that is positively not theirs to their own little banking accounts, they might use it directly to pay for the education of their sons, these good farming folk would have no objection to the arrangement. And this is advanced as proof that no robbery is intended by "the tithe war," nor even the least selfishness implied! The facts are that when there was some agricultural distress in Wales (and there was never so much distress there as in other parts of the United Kingdom), the farmers sought relief in a reduction of tithe payments. It was largely obtained—sometimes from men far poorer than those who demanded the reduction. Then arose conscientious scruples, precisely as respectable as would be the scruples of a Manchester merchant who declined to honour bills made payable to any cotton-growing votary of Hindooism his creditor. These scruples were fostered by political as well as religious or denominational rancour, and hardened by the love of gain. Hence a conspiracy with these objects to recommend it: Firstly, the immediate pleasure of impoverishing the servants of a Christian Church much hated for its particular forms of worship, and more for a dignity which could neither be imitated nor destroyed. Secondly, the hope of procuring the disestablishment and disendowment of that Church; the one because it would possibly be degraded thereby, the other because the endowments might be put to the sort of national purpose already described. Thirdly, the interception of so much money provisionally under the delightful pretext of good works. Fourthly, the hope that an organized refusal to pay tithe might be followed by an equally successful conspiracy (on the Irish model, perhaps) for the reduction of rents; an extension of operations already more than

whispered. Fifthly, the enjoyment of a notion that the nationality principle was being vindicated, and the strange, wild pleasure of the Celt in defying law. Told in plain terms, this is the story of "the tithe war" in Wales; if we add thereto the callousness of the warriors to the suffering they inflict, and the hypocrisy of the "conscientious scruple," as illustrated by the fact that it generally vanishes if the titheowner will agree to share "the national property" with the farmer by reducing his claim to the point required. Mr. BAITACHE may opine that "the morality of the tithe agitation is merely academic"; Mr. OSBORNE MORGAN may hold that since the agitation is national it must be righteous; in truth, it is detestable. But as for the morality, we suppose it must be left to its own cure; the legality is another thing. That is the business of the State; and till some better means of dealing with an organized system of robbery can be found (it deserves no milder name), its victims should be firmly protected by the forces of the law: which include, first, the police, and then the soldiery; like those who were so quietly and successfully employed in Denbighshire the other day.

#### COUNTY CRICKET.

THE cricket season of the eight counties rated as first class has proved exceptionally interesting—a result largely due to the typical English weather this summer, which has been constant only to constant change. It has been what meteorologists would call, when all its elements are summed up, "average" weather. And for this very reason it has played havoc among many batting averages. If it has not been absolutely a batsman's year, it cannot be called a bowler's year, such as 1888 and other persistently wet seasons. There have been many large scores, and a goodly proportion of the victories have been of the most decisive character. But, owing to the general and fairly continuous alternation of sunshine and rain, the wickets have been so variable—so consistently variable—that the season has tested the capacities of batsmen to the uttermost. There are plenty of good bats, as they are popularly accounted, whose reputations are entirely founded upon their achievements in dry seasons, when true, fast wickets are the rule. The far smaller number of men who can play the best bowling on any kind of wicket, wet, dry, or drying, share, with the bowlers and wicket-keepers, the honours of the year. County cricket cannot be played without bowlers. This is the moral of the past season. To those who do not look to results, and analyse them, the moral may appear a mere truism. But with the keener competition of the counties in these times the popular ideal in matters of cricket—big scoring and a dry hot summer—is slowly losing its charm. To play cricket, such as is implied by county cricket, without a sufficiency of good bowling is to court disaster. This is shown quite as forcibly by the counties that head the list as by those that occupy the lower position. Those counties that could command their full bowling strength throughout the season, like Surrey and Lancashire, are to the front. Those counties that are weak in bowling, like Middlesex and Sussex, and those that could utilize their best bowling only during a portion of the season, compose the tail of the counties. The fortune of Gloucestershire, a strong batting team, offers a striking illustration to point the moral. Playing without Woof, their best bowler, during the first half of the season, this county eleven lost six matches out of seven, and wonderful were the lamentations of prophets and reporters over what was considered their ill-luck. When Woof joined his county, the Gloucestershire men gained a succession of brilliant victories, and Woof's average shows clearly to whom those victories are mainly due. Sussex, again, might possibly have been found at the bottom of the list if ARTHUR HIDE had taken his place in the eleven; yet, if that bowler had played for his county, instead of teaching the young idea at Marlborough how to break and shoot, the position of Sussex must have been relatively improved. It is highly improbable that with ARTHUR HIDE Sussex would have suffered their unprecedented number of single-innings defeats this season. The absence of Mr. NEPEAN from the Middlesex eleven during the greater portion of the season was undoubtedly a source of serious weakness to the county. In the few matches he played his bowling was extremely effective, and with the bat he more than fulfilled the promise of last year. But it is full time that the metro-

politan county found some LOHMANN or SHARPE, having proved again and again the little worth of the strength of a strong batting team without bowlers. Mr. WEBBE, indeed, showed his old hitting powers and firm defence. But Mr. WEBBE is one of the few amateurs who can play any bowling on any wicket.

The bowling of the successful counties is not less significant of the lesson of the season. The averages of LOHMANN and SHARPE, of PEEL and WAINWRIGHT, of ATTEWELL and BARNES, of WATSON, MOLD, and BRIGGS, of MARTIN and WRIGHT, and of WOOF need not be cited to adorn the tale. Such figures are eloquent in themselves, and need no figurative commentary. In county batting the strong battalions are not confined to the two leading counties, though it is a pretty good indication of steady scoring to find seven of the Surrey men, and no fewer than nine of the Lancashire men, each with an average above twenty. Then Kent has seven thus placed, Notts five, Gloucester five, and Yorkshire four. Individual scores of over a hundred amount to seventeen, and are credited to each of the eight counties. One of the most striking features of this season's batting is the position of Nottingham. That county occupies the fifth place only; yet SHREWSBURY and GUNN batted with extraordinary success, the average of the former being virtually the highest of the county season, and that of GUNN is bettered only by ABEL, Dr W. G. GRACE, and Mr. CRANSTON. Mr. PATTERSON's average is, of course, slightly superior to SHREWSBURY's; but the Kent captain played only eight innings, while the Nottingham player scored over a thousand runs for twenty-four. Considering the exacting conditions in which cricket has been played this summer, it is highly satisfactory to find so large a number of batsmen with averages of over twenty out of a fair average of innings played. LOHMANN's place in Surrey batting, next after ABEL and a trifle above Mr. W. W. READ, is a very notable fact. The wicket-keeping has been exceptionally good—superior, in fact, to that of any recent year both in quality and consistency of play. SHERWIN, WOOD, HUNTER, and the rest of the old hands, were all in excellent form, and among new aspirants Mr. A. F. CLARKE deserves mention with these veterans. It would be interesting, by the way, to have the exploits of wicket-keepers tabulated, with averages of catches and stumpings calculated by the innings for the whole season. Wicket-keepers, like batsmen, have good cause for self-reliance. They are in a better position than the bowler, who loses not a few wickets through misses in the field, and their averages are entirely of their own making. Their skill ought certainly to be duly chronicled in tables of averages, and preserved for the study and encouragement of enthusiasts in the future. The new system by which precedence among the counties is determined is generally acknowledged to work with perfect fairness; yet it is somewhat surprising to hear, from certain adherents of the counties called "second class," premature demands for a re-classifying of the cricketing counties. These well-meaning persons, who think that Sussex should be replaced by Somerset in the first class, appear to forget the severe test to which Sussex has been subjected this season. They forget, also, that some county must take the lowest place in the division. Those counties—and Sussex not least among them—that are now considered first class have proved their titles by many years' cricket of the first order. It is the soundest policy in the authorities to be wary of any rash admission to the foremost rank. The new rule will give Somerset, two years hence, the opportunity to meet Sussex or Middlesex, or whatever county may rank lowest in the first division, and if the Western county fall not away from the brilliant form of this season, the prize may well be won. Many things may happen before that season arrives. Hampshire or Warwickshire may then be the favourite for the coveted position. On the whole, the regulations that now hold appear to be such as best stimulate a spirited emulation among the minor counties.

#### NEWFOUNDLAND.

THE article in this month's *Fortnightly Review* signed by Sir WILLIAM WHITEWAY and the other Newfoundland delegates is a moderate and careful statement of the colonial case. Some old-fashioned persons, indeed, may doubt whether official envoys from a colony to England, who admit that the Colonial Office still has their appeal under consideration, can with complete decency carry the

matter *ad populum*. But this is very old-fashioned indeed. Decency has followed Justice long ago, and we are only to be too thankful when we meet anybody who does his indecency in a tolerably decent way. Allowing Sir WILLIAM and his colleagues the benefit of the new fashion, we can, as we have said, praise them without allowance for the way in which they have availed themselves of the license they take. There is nothing here of the absurd and offensive bluster which at one moment assumes that the Newfoundlanders are "heirs" to the benefits and not to the burdens of their inheritance, and at another threatens secession to a Government which, if there were no other obstacle to its taking over the island, could only take it over subject to exactly the same easements which affect it now. The inconveniences which the shortsightedness of our ancestors and the unexpected development of things have brought about are set forth without heat and without exaggeration, and every instructed Englishman knows that they are not small. A good case is, we think, made out against the *modus vivendi*, and stress, but not too much stress, is laid on a part of the French contention, which is better suited to put an Englishman's back up than any other. We do not think, and Sir WILLIAM WHITEWAY and his colleagues do not explicitly affirm, that any responsible French official has ever officially based the French rights on an imaginary survival of sovereignty after territorial dominion has ceased. That it has been done unofficially or informally by officials appears to be clear, and it need hardly be said that, if the claim were ever put forward officially, it would be, not only a gross provocation, but a valuable weapon in English hands. For French sovereignty in Newfoundland, if it ever existed, which is dubious, has been extinguished by the very instruments on which the French claims rest; and, if it must be invoked to justify the construction recently put on those claims, that construction falls to the ground without more ado.

While, however, the Newfoundland statement brings the almost intolerable hardship of the servitude which is imposed on one-third of the Newfoundland coast line, and makes it absolutely useless for fishing, mining, lumbering, or farming, more vividly before Englishmen; while it exposes the encroachments of interpretation which have been made by Frenchmen and allowed by English Governments, it also, as any fair statement must do, shows the extraordinary difficulty of the case. Whether the French right to fish is an exclusive or only a concurrent right is one of the points now at litigation, and probably no Englishman or Frenchman is a safe judge of the matter. The mere wording of the treaties is consistent with either contention, or, rather, excludes neither. But what is quite certain is that the French have a right to fish and a right to use the shore for purposes of curing fish conceded to them explicitly and as fully as possible by these documents. On that there can be no dispute at all; and, further, it is to be noted that, as a consequence of this unlucky wording, the French are as evidently entitled, if not to exclude the Newfoundlanders, to insist upon exercising their own admission in a way which makes the whole coast and the whole sea adjacent useless to Newfoundland. We do not think that the treaties authorize the French to catch lobsters, which are not "fish" in their sense. We are certain that they do not authorize them to "can," which is not "drying," or to build stationary factories with iron boilers, which are assuredly not "stages made of boards and huts usual and necessary for drying." We think that a Newfoundlander may under the treaties fish for anything in these waters, and build, dig up, or cut down anything on these shores. But, unfortunately, we think, or rather we are sure, that, if while he is fishing a Frenchman comes and says, "I want to shoot my nets there, and I have a treaty 'right to do so; be good enough to up killick,'" the Frenchman's claim is indisputable; and that, if when the Newfoundlander has built a factory, manured and dug a seashore field, or opened a mine, the Frenchman comes and says, "I wish to build stages of boards and huts usual for drying 'fish on that ground; be good enough to pull down or fill 'up, as the case may be, whatever prevents my doing it,'" he is strictly within his right. We cannot put any other interpretation on the words as honest men with some practice in weighing what words mean. And this is what makes the French claims, even if they be rejected as France now makes them, just as onerous and irksome to Newfoundland as if they were admitted in the sense of the fiercest French Chauvinist. This also it is without doubt which has induced English Governments to temporize.



At the same time it is equally obvious that there is no difficulty in meeting this unpleasant ROLAND with a churlish OLIVER, which would reduce the French rights to things nearly, if not quite, as practically valueless as the present rights of the Newfoundlanders. And we cannot help thinking quite seriously that the procedure of PORTIA is the only game in this matter. As has been shown, the main inconvenience of the French rights is the non-natural manner in which they are urged. There is plenty of cod in the sea for both parties, and the hundreds of miles of the "French shore" would, if an intelligent give-and-take were the law, instead of a game of rival dogs-in-the-manger, provide the amplest drying-grounds for the French, while leaving free scope to the Newfoundlanders. But if the French will stand on the letter, so should we. Lobsters are not fish in the meaning of the treaty; and if they were, the capture of them would be perfectly unprofitable, if the subsequent process were limited to drying on stages of boards. Salmon weirs are not such structures as are described by the treaty. A French man-of-war's boat's crew, reinforced by marines, cannot be said to be "resorting to the island" in a manner "necessary for the catching and drying of fish." There is not the very slightest justification, in any diplomatic instrument whatever, for "seizing and confiscating instruments" of fishing belonging to foreigners"—i.e. Newfoundlanders. There is as little right on the French part to even the slightest inland margin beyond what is universally recognized as the shore for drying purposes—that is to say, a biscuit throw at most beyond high-water mark. The hoisting of the French flag anywhere (which certainly was done a few years ago, though there is a conflict of testimony as to whether it has been done recently) is not only not authorized by the treaties, but goes in the very teeth of them. In short, if the French claims were limited to the letter with as much rigour as the letter of them is insisted on by France, it is pretty clear that they would not be worth exercising.

We should be the last to recommend or approve this kind of action, except as a matter of necessity. The French rights, such as they are, are undoubted, and we should be glad to see the value of the undoubted part of them liberally estimated by an impartial authority, and the amount, in malt or in meal, tendered to France. We should be prepared to see the valuation heightened by consideration of that "nursery for French seamen" the existence of which is denied, by the fact that the exceedingly pious French nation is happier when it eats its stock fish to think that it has not been caught by Protestant hands, by allowance for the last remnant of French America, and so forth. We should admit that some of the cost ought to fall on the mother-country, as well as some on the colonists. We should grant that, if France refuses composition, we cannot (short of going to war with her) denounce or terminate the agreements. But if à *Gascon Gascon et demi* is a good proverb, it will fully justify us out of French mouths in meeting a refusal to surrender a vexatious and valueless right for good consideration with the strictest letter of the bond. If there is one single particular in the huts and stages which deviates from what was usual in 1713, let them be pulled down; if Frenchmen on shore indulge, out of compliment to England, in that national sport of ours a *rallye-papier*, thereby remaining longer than the "time necessary for" fishing and drying fish, let them be politely sent on board. There is older authority in their own tongue for it than the *Merchant of Venice*, and the officer who, most courteously of course, performs any of these duties has only got to remark "*Ceci n'est pas dans mon rollet*" to justify himself to a lettered Frenchman. We may not believe that, if an English Government put the matter firmly to a French Government, there would be any necessity for these unpleasantnesses. But if there is, they ought to be resorted to without hesitation. We shall be absolutely within our rights, and we can leave the French to theirs—if they like them.

#### LORD HARTINGTON AT YORK.

LORD HARTINGTON, who for a long time enjoyed the politic good word of the Gladstonians, seems now to have altogether lost it. Their uneasiness at the damage which he does them has, no doubt, got the better of their anxiety not to offend that overwhelming majority of their fellow-countrymen, not actively interested in politics, who sincerely respect the leader of the Liberal-Unionists, and who might, it was feared, be scandalized by violence of

attack upon him into definite adhesion to his political party. Mr. GLADSTONE's followers in the press and on the platform appear instinctively to have felt at the beginning of the Home Rule dispute that to fall foul of Lord HARTINGTON in any abusive fashion simply "would not do," his reputation in the country being such and so established that any cause which had to support itself by maligning him would certainly be looked upon with distrust, if not distaste. For some time past, however, it has been quite clear that the continued maintenance of this forbearing attitude was becoming impossible to them. Lord HARTINGTON has of late been personally made the object of a good deal of venomous writing on the part of Gladstonians; and his political record has been handled with a freedom which culminated the other day in the extremely humorous reference to him in the *Daily News*—only conceive the very phrases in the mouth of a day-by-day eulogist of Mr. GLADSTONE!—as a politician who has "turned his coat" and changed his colours." The growing irritation which has so transformed the attitude of his opponents will not be allayed by the speech which he has just made at York, and in which he has said plainer and more downright things about the Parliamentary conduct of his late revered leader, and of Mr. GLADSTONE's lieutenants on the Front Opposition Bench, than he has perhaps ever before uttered.

At the same time—and this is perhaps the secret of the blind rage in which Lord HARTINGTON's address to the Liberal-Unionist Federation seems to have thrown some of his Gladstonian and Parnellite critics—it is a little difficult to resent effectively the most damaging of Lord HARTINGTON's criticisms, for the simple reason that this is based upon the indiscreet admissions of his opponents themselves. It is undoubtedly "the game," as Lord HARTINGTON thinks, to "rub into" the public mind that for the first time the deputy-leader of the Opposition has openly confessed to the practice of Obstruction. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, of course, thought that it was safe to make this avowal with its accompanying "explanation"; but therein he was mistaken, and the public were the gainers by a new illustration of that most valuable truth that absolute loss of conscience is to a politician like the loss of tactile sensibility to a conjurer, and largely reduces his capacity to deceive. When the member for Derby admitted that the Opposition had practised Obstruction, and pleaded that they had only done so on two questions—that of "Coercion" and that of licence-purchase—he forgot that this plea, even if available at all, could only be so on the assumption that Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT's hostility to the policy of the Government on the two questions referred to was honest; and to forget the necessity for the fulfilment of this condition and precedent was, for reasons into which we need not now enter, a fatal slip of memory. It is enough to recall the fact, of which Lord HARTINGTON, perhaps superfluously, reminded his hearers, that the Opposition leaders have been "Coercionists" themselves, and are pledged up to the eyes to the policy of compensating publicans for the extinction of their licences; so that, to believe that their righteous repugnance for these two policies is now so strong as to justify them to their own minds in bringing public business to a standstill for the purpose of demonstrating is—well, is a feat of faith which it would be difficult for the public to perform on far easier subjects than the two right honourable members for Mid-Lothian and Derby. The spectacle of these two distinguished persons reluctantly reducing Parliamentary government to an absurdity, and with the profoundest pain doing their best to degrade and destroy the House of Commons, because the imperious claims of moral and political duty inexorably forbade them to allow Mr. BALFOUR to administer and Mr. GOSCHEN to legislate on the principles which they have themselves advocated in one case and acted upon in the other—this spectacle is one which only does not seem incredible to Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT because, fortunately for the country, he has lost all sense of the element of moral credibility or incredibility on his own action as it presents itself to the view of others.

#### ITALY AND ENGLAND.

IT is generally necessary to the salvation of journalists during what we call, with British want of feeling, the silly season, while Frenchmen more delicately, but suggestively, call it the "season of waters," to start a political

hare as well as others. This year, in sheer despair perhaps, the beater has started Italy. Germany is, for the moment, content with what *Mr. Punch* pleasantly calls playing at soldiers; Russia apparently ditto. Even Turkey, in the old and wide sense, does not provide a very good subject. France is engaged in investigating the history of old, old matters—some eighteen months old. So recourse is had to Italy, the occasion being partly the old grudge between Frenchmen and Italians, partly the grumbling of some not very wise Italian newspapers against Signor CRISPI. With rather bad manners, gossip has dragged King HUMBERT personally into the matter, and rejoiced to tell how he would not meet the French fleet at Spezzia, and how he is very angry with the English for having taken too much Africa and given him too little. So odd is the world, especially that part of it which lives about the Western Mediterranean and calls itself the Latin race, that it is quite humanly and ordinarily possible that the warmth of the reception which the English fleet has just met with at Toulon is partly due to these rumours. It may be doubted whether there is any nation in Europe which the French dislike more than their South-Eastern neighbours. They do not hate them with a sort of respect mingled with the hatred—which is their attitude towards another nation that shall be nameless. They are not afraid of them, yet longing to wrest lost things from them—which is their attitude towards yet another. But they heartily dislike them as parvenus among nations, as victims of the shabby Nice and Savoy business, as rivals for Mediterranean power, as rivals in common business.

It is not surprising that the Italians should return this feeling, especially as they too are in the condition of remembering that their own behaviour in 1870 exemplified rather the business abilities than the chivalry of the very chivalrous and very business-like house which now reigns over them. But that they should be out of temper with England is more surprising, and, except in the case of the more unreflecting of them, more improbable. In the partition of Africa they have done very well, and they have had particular reason to thank England for it. If they have fixed on not the most grateful or profitable part of the continent, it was their own choice. They were permitted to occupy, it may almost be said that they were presented by England with the best port on the Red Sea. They were allowed to establish a protectorate over a country against which England, alone of European nations, has ever carried on successful military operations, and where, not so many years ago, we spent a vast amount of money. Still more recently they have had the Somali coast relinquished to their efforts as a borderland to Abyssinia and the Galla country. True, "Aromatics," as the maps still, in this prosaic age, poetically describe the productions of this angle of Africa, may be things out of which it is difficult to make very much; the land may be very "light"; the people—as their latest explorer, M. BORELLI, confesses—may be uncommonly difficult to deal with. But, after all, Italy chose to be heir of PRESTER JOHN and SOLOMON, and England, with quite remarkable amiability, consented, and more than consented, to her being served heir to those great monarchs. If the inventory of the heritage is unsatisfactory, it is not our fault. But we certainly ought not to permit Italy to mend her luck by encroaching on the Nile territories in the manner which some hot-headed Italians are now recommending. Kassala, in particular, is part of that Egyptian Irredenta from which it behoves England politely, but firmly, to say "Hands off" to other nations. It may not suit us just now (though, speaking personally, we should prefer that it did) to reopen the Suakim-Berber road, or to reestablish the connexion, *vid* Khartoum, between Egypt and the Lakes. But both things will have to be done some day, and we cannot have them interfered with. The Italians have quite room and verge enough in Abyssinia proper and the great country stretching down to the Juba, without attempting to extend in this direction, and we shall, unless much more certain intelligence is received to the contrary, decline to believe that they are contemplating anything so foolish, whatever French journalists in the pursuance of a grudge, or Italian Colonialmenschen with the fame of Dr. PETERS inciting them to emulation, may choose to say.

#### "LADIES PRESENT!"

SINCE Mr. SILAS WEGG evaded the explanation of an historical difficulty for Mr. BOFFIN on the plea that "ladies were present," we do not remember to have met with any such singular views of propriety and of the respect due to the opposite sex as those which appear to be held by Mr. WILLIAM O'BRIEN. It seems from the brief but thrilling account given in the newspapers of the incident which revealed these views, that "a process-server entered a first-class carriage in which Mr. O'BRIEN, M.P., Mrs. O'BRIEN, and Mr. DILLON, M.P., were about to return to Dublin, and," such was the diabolical subtlety of his nature, "remained silent until the train was reaching Templemore, when he handed Mr. O'BRIEN a letter, and requested him to read it. Mr. O'BRIEN," such was the contrasted innocence of his nature, "suspecting his object, declined to receive it, and said that it was a piece of gross misconduct to have acted so in the presence of a lady, as those who sent him knew very well where to find him." Mr. O'BRIEN also threatened to ascertain whether the process-server had not been guilty of the minor indelicacy of travelling in a first-class carriage with a ticket of a lower denomination. The process-server, after offering, it is said, to show his ticket, which, as it ultimately turned out to be a third-class one, was a distinctly chivalrous offer on his part, then formally demanded payment from Mr. O'BRIEN of 1,600*l.*, "on the part of the Marquess of SALISBURY." To this Mr. O'BRIEN is reported to have replied, "I am not sure that it is not my duty to hand you over to the police for an impudent attempt at highway robbery—you, a perfect stranger, for attempting to accost me in this manner." The train having arrived at the platform, the man disappeared, and the railway officials, having, at Mr. O'BRIEN's request, followed him, returned with the tidings that he had only a third-class ticket, but added that they were not in a position to prosecute him, as they had not themselves caught him in a first-class carriage. Whether there was any by-law directed against the offence of process-serving before ladies Mr. O'BRIEN seems to have omitted to inquire.

His subsequent observations, too, leave us somewhat in doubt as to what, on second thoughts, he regarded as the true subject-matter of his complaint. He said that it was worthy of Lord SALISBURY's action in the matter to have used the carriage of the railway Company for this offensive purpose, without even paying for his agent's ticket; but it is difficult to consider that was so much the grievance of Mr. O'BRIEN as of the railway Company. And, in any case, it was unintentional; for there is no reason to suppose that the mulcting of the Company of the difference between a first and a third class ticket was any part of an organized plan of campaign against them. There remains, of course, the outrage put upon Mr. O'BRIEN by an attempt being made, "in the presence of a lady," to compel him to pay his debts; but even upon this, again, we do not find Mr. O'BRIEN insisting very strongly. Nor does he seem any longer to doubt whether it was or was not his duty to hand over the process-server to the police for the offence of "attempting to commit highway robbery without previous introduction." He is now "sure," it seems, that it was not his duty to adopt this course; and he may take it from us—though it is not without diffidence that we presume to instruct an Irish agrarian agitator on a question of "robbery"—that he has come to the right conclusion on this point, at any rate. So that really the sum of the whole matter seems to be that Mr. O'BRIEN, having lost the game in which he compelled Lord SALISBURY to join him, does not like the process of paying. It is not at all an unusual frame of mind in a loser—and especially in a loser of Mr. O'BRIEN's temperament—but, as he would most certainly have got his costs and damages out of the defendant if he had won, he must not be surprised if his unwillingness to "table his losings" excites more amusement than sympathy.

#### "IN AN ETHIOPIAN'S EAR."

A RICH jewel of a book is *Le Parfait Joaillier*, printed at Lyons in 1644; and its lustre is of several kinds. Imprimis, it was published by the house of the celebrated centurion, Jean-Antoine Huguetan, who was also a notable Huguenot, and made the round of the European courts and exchanges, including London, settling at length in Holland, where he became as full of



guilders as of years, and was ennobled as Count Guldensteen. Then its author, Anselm van Boot, of Bruges, whom the French edition calls Boece de Boot, and the Latin edition Boetius, was head leech to the Emperor Rudolph II.; and its reviser and re-editor was Adrian Toll, M.D., of Leyden. The book had been written in Latin (as *Historia gemmarum et lapidum*) at Prague at least some forty years earlier.

If Van Boot believed himself in wit a man, he was almost at all times in simplicity a child. For example, he has a tale, as interminable as the wonderful barber's, of a turquoise which he avers protected him in accidents, taking the damages itself; and it all comes to this—that when he was riding into Bohemia from Padua, where he took his doctor's degrees, his horse fell on him, and broke nothing worse than his turquoise ring. Another time he was lifting out of a river a burden heavy beyond his strength (whether fish or other deponent saith not) by the aid of a long perch, when he again broke nothing but his turquoise ring, and a short rib. The guardian forces of the stone (which were near about those of a modern accident policy) he thereupon attributed to "an occult agent—that is, to spirits, good and bad." "The very noble town of Brugk is my most renowned country," he says more than once; he was also some time with "an illustrious baron" (not further specified) at Kniphausen, in East Frisia; and he pompously quotes "the most noble gentleman N. Dummane, herald of the order of the Golden Fleece, whose ancestors were allied many years ago with our family, and thus much my cousin."

Did gaudy man, Ethiop or other, originally load himself with jewels for mere brawnness, or had he a host of ulterior motives, chiefly magical, to avert evil or to lure fortune? This question might be argued, as well as another, by the contentious. If the male ætite, or eagle-stone, for example, brings increase of love and riches, and makes him who induces it not alone agreeable to everybody, but vineible by nobody, who would call the man who wore it a fop? Who would not carry about him the alectorian stone, which, held in the mouth, ensures the mastery of the event, appeases thirst, and quells the ardours of the heart? But it is rare, being scantily engendered in the stomach of now and then a decrepit cock or capon, and its price is "as much as you may judge the buyer to covet the stone." Why don't we all hang loadstones about our necks? They were once sovereign against spasms and nervousness, drew venom from a wound and aches from the head, banished fear, and made the wearer eloquent. Is the Blarney stone magnetic as well as out of reach? The white calamite of Elba beats the loadstone hollow; for, if the skin be well rubbed with it, and then stabbed with the cold and pointed steel, the wound immediately closes up as if the place had never been tickled. Cardan (*Of Subtlety*, bk. vii.) absolutely said he saw those who did this, but doubted whether they employed magic or no.

The most intemperate temperance man now at large could make no objection to that alectorian already described, or to that other very hard and rust-coloured Eastern stone, the dionysias (as it is wrote sarcastic), which, pounded in water, gives it the taste of wine, and yet hath no force to inebriate. The bigoted teetotaler might, however, think it unfair competition to use the punicus from the Ætolian isles, which, taken in strong drink, makes drunkenness impossible. The "Perfect Jeweller," as in duty bound, has gems to suit all classes. The yellow lacten, for example, would be invaluable to that industrial who first gave its name to Simpson; put into any liquid—say water—it presently turns it to a milky whiteness. The transition to the thief is here easy, and his best accomplice is the ever-wonderful loadstone on a hot coal, which by its smell—or so one Marbodæus said—clears out all who might be in his way; but the ætite is fatal to him, for its powder mixed in his bread sticks in his throat, and so detects him. This should be carefully distinguished from the devil's bread—a stone which exactly resembles a loaf and is found near "Rotavilla, in Sweden." And this, again, is not the stone of which Van Boot himself sometimes "gave a scruple," in the form of breakfast, to a certain girl; for that was the azul or cyanos, of which also are made the famous pills to purge melancholy that D'Urfey plagiarized. For these, which operate "marvellous well," we hold the recipe; but wild horses shall not drag it from us, further than to say that there is diacatholicon intill't. It is also hereby disclosed, for the benefit of whom it may concern, that the chrysolite-coloured filaters aways with the melancholic passions, banishes vain fears, puts on gaiety, and comforts the heart. What more can mortal man desire? On the other hand, never keep a natural magnet in your mouth, or you will become a black-livered lunatic. And never by any chance give the wrong person to drink of six grains of the said loadstone, with serpent's suet and nettle-juice; else will you drive him or her to flee away from hearth and native land a raving, roving maniac.

The amateur who has to perform the well-known old stage trick of wallowing in December's snow by thinking on fantastic summer's heat will find his most useful properties to be the black and ponderous and red-striped apsyctos, which once put in the fire keeps red-hot for a week—or else indeed it is the asyctos, or, once again, Albertus Magnus his absinth. The other stone he will require is the hail-shaped, diamond-hard chalazias, which rests cold as the very hailstone's self in the heart of the furnace, and is misnamed by barbarian writers (upon whom be peace!) the gelosia.

As to some of the minor disagreeables of what would be an otherwise too excellent world, a stiff neck at once yields to the

petroleum which the sufferer may express for himself from the common agate. Those who already have notes, or often run the danger of dust in the eyes, couldn't do better than have with them a few polished sapphires (as the Dover servant-maids used to call the Ordnance Survey). Let them be globular, and of the size of peas; roll them well about in the eyes, and dust or midges or such small deer will be at once drawn out. Then as to those flies and what not that are not in the eye; the patent remedy is the stone which forms the toad's skull, for snails, slugs, wasps, spiders, and mice can't abide it, and it is a sovereign remedy for all their poisons. When your jeweller happens to be out of toad-scones, he may kindly supply you instead with a red and resplendent epistite or ephristite, which will not alone keep off the cockroaches and all other venomous insects, but will also—*foi de gentilhomme!*—banish fogs, and so lift a huge weight from off London and its County Council. One cannot so confidently recommend the blackish galachides, garatides, or (as Albertus Magnus, long ago, would have it) the gerachides, for the only test of its genuineness yet known is somewhat tedious. You must first well anoint your whole body all over with honey, and then holding the g., or g., or g. in the hand, betake yourself to a sunny glade where swarms of flies and bluebottles do buzz; and then if the gerachides—to give Albert the majority—he a true one, the flies will not perch on the honey; if it be not, they most infallibly will. Should you be so rarely fortunate as ever to happen on the genuine stone, you will be well repaid for your pains, for it not alone makes its wearer amiable and agreeable to every one, but, if he puts it in his mouth, will endow him with a true and equitable judgment in all things, and disclose to him the secret thoughts of others.

Nightmares are not confined to the impenitent supper, and are not incurable even by him if he will but sniff at a common agate, drink a broth made of "the belemnite of the shops," or wear a fire-coloured aspilates, taken from the nest of an arabesque bird, and wrapped in a camel-skin. But let him, of all things, 'ware the Ziataa (of that ilk), which conceals in its multi-coloured zebraed form whole wildernesses of far worse demons than Mara of the night-hours, baneful form of affright. But you may scatheless parley with a demon, and make him answer too, and put him to flight too, by the silent aid of the mountain-landscaped jasper or star-stone. At a pinch even the emerald will oust him—this it is lawful for Christian man to believe—he finds the odour of the agate antipathetic also; but the sabalis-stone, when put to the nostrils of the possessed, straight brings him out thereat for good and aye. Contrariwise, to call the spirits from the vasty deep there is nothing like your precious anachite; and that, indeed, is its only use whatever. If you are not a Mahatma, and should want to prophesy before you know, you had better rinse the mouth with honey, and then place on the tongue a chelonias-stone—which is nought but the eye of an Indian tortoise—and will cause you to predict the future during one whole natural day, when the moon is full or in conjunction.

Verily, as Van Boot simply reflects, we find out nowadays many things unknown to our predecessors. For him coal was still lithanthrax, and the weapons of the Stone age, which he roughly figured accurately enough, were still the ceramnia of the ancient ages, "the arrows," that is the bolts, of the thunder. "If any one then wished to combat this commonly held opinion, or deny his assent thereto, he would appear mad." Some daring lunatics, however, there were (perhaps including Van Boot of an odd while) who believed them iron weapons changed to stone by lapse of age. They were good lightning-conductors, of course, and sorporifics, and they ensured victory in battle, because, though Van Boot knew it not, they were the weapons of the gods.

It is passing strange to find Dr. Schliemann's now celebrated "whorls" figured and described in this old treatise as the brontia and ombria of old. The brontia fell with the thunder, and the ombria in tempest and rain without thunder; otherwise they were identical, and had all the properties of the toadstone, the belemnite, and the serpent's egg; parrying the thunder, and neutralizing poison. This serpent's egg, he says, is what the Bohemians about him at Prague called the duchanek or spirit-stone, and held celebrate above everything for power against enchantments. "But," said Van Boot, with a penetration nothing short of astounding in him, "the Bohemians greatly deceive themselves, for it is the Flemish women's spinning-weight (*peson*) which they put on the spindle." There is pleasure in winnowing this one unexpected grain of solid wheat out of the whole mountain range of chaff. Van Boot figures another serpent's egg which he said seemed to have an affinity with the brontia and ombria; and it certainly is also like a ball Dr. Schliemann gives in *Ilios*; but it is very much more like a fossil sea-urchin, and so must be handled with caution, concluding sagely with this perfect jeweller that "the vulgar, ignoring the causes of things, often believe the causes of any effect which happens to be other than they are."

Of course he knew not of the word jade; but he describes the famous stone as jasper. The red he himself staunchly blood with (by using it in a tourniquet!), and it dissipates the tumult and inconstancy of thought; but for this last you must grave a scorpion on it at that same hour Dan Sol doth enter Scorpio. Another word for a variety of jade was clearly heliotrope, also called pras or mother-o'-pras. Of course, too, nephrite was the medical name of the jade which had no red in it.

One word of caution at parting (slavishly copied from Van Boot). "Lest any one should say that we have omitted to men-

tion precious stones of which other writers have treated, we have judged it right here to describe many of them, as we could. Nathless are you to wit that whether all these stones be in the world, or no, it is not yet certain; seeing that they are unknown."

#### TWO INDIAN LIBEL CASES.

THE papers lately received from India contain reports of two libel cases recently tried in the Presidency of Bombay, which throw a vivid light on the infinite benefit of having a free press in an Oriental land. About a year ago there was published in the slums of Bombay a paper called *Bhowungur Exposure Gazette*, which contained gross charges against the ruler of Bhowungur, his two councillors, and chief medical officer. The paper was widely circulated. No doubt the libellers calculated that they could libel an Indian prince with impunity, because he would think it beneath his dignity in any way to countenance the machinery of an English law court being put into motion. But the Maharaja of Bhowungur has proved himself to be a man endowed both with sense and courage. The result has been that two of the culprits, though it is believed that they are the tools of more important men, have been sentenced to two years' imprisonment by a judge of the High Court in Bombay. His Lordship, in passing sentence, said:—"It is almost impossible to conceive any libel of a more atrocious character than the libels you have published on the three gentlemen. You have published them without the slightest shadow of justification or foundation. You have called evidence which I cannot characterize as other than perjured evidence in support of your allegations, and when the prosecutors said on oath that your allegations were entirely unfounded, you still persisted in alleging that they were true." The jury, who gave their verdict without leaving the box, stated, "We don't believe a word of the evidence given against the Maharaja." The judge added, "Nobody in the world could believe that evidence." One of the culprits has had a further sentence of two years' imprisonment passed upon him by a native magistrate at Ahmedabad for the publication of another series of foul libels in one of those vernacular sheets which live on libel and sedition, and which abound in India. "Unhappily," said the native magistrate, "there are in this city certain wretched and trashy papers whose editors would publish anything for hire." But, unhappily also, Ahmedabad is not the only city in India of which this can be said. Throughout the length and breadth of the Empire there are published wretched rags which live by libel, sedition, and blackmail. An Oriental prince is a timid creature, and he pays handsomely to be praised, and more handsomely not to be slandered. Native officials are weak, and rather than the most exaggerated libel should reach the ears of their superiors they are willing to contribute a large sum towards the paper. Revenge is an old vice of the Oriental, and in modern days it takes the form of libelling your enemy. Native officials complain loudly of this new instrument of torture, and ask when the authorities are going to have the courage to destroy it. It is an open secret that the matter has for the past five years received the best attention of Government. Officials in all parts of India are convinced that the stability of the Empire must be slowly undermined if men are permitted with impunity to propagate sedition and slander among the masses. The question of the hour is, not whether it is wise for a foreign Government to curtail the liberty of speech, but whether a man who buys a fount of type and propagates slander and sedition should not be treated as a common criminal instead of a high priest of liberty. It is commonly argued that the circulation of these papers is too small to do any grave injury; but it must be remembered that the influence of a native paper is not gauged by its registered circulation. A single paper is read out to a group of peasants, and is passed from hand to hand. The ryot is continually told that he is living under the sway of a cruel, rapacious Government, and all his poverty and misery is due to his rulers. Every act of Government is misrepresented. Officials, high and low, are daily slandered. Lord Dufferin was stigmatized by an offensive native epithet, which means a common thief. A writer in a leading Anglo-vernacular paper not very long ago told his countrymen that, "like the elephant, English Governments have two different sets of teeth, one for showing and the other for chewing, and, therefore, utterances of English officials are regarded with suspicion." The writer, after informing the people that it is no sin to revolt, proceeded to inform them that "the neck of the country is burdened by the foreign yoke. The fountain of its happiness is being dried by the heat of foreign oppression, its sources of maintenance have been shut by the artful and selfish taxation of its foreign rulers." Quotations of a similar nature might be multiplied to any extent. It may seem impossible to an Englishman that puerile stuff of this nature could do any harm; but the dissemination of such pernicious nonsense among the ignorant masses of India must work mischief. It poisons the minds of the people against their rulers; and Lord Lawrence declared that we would lose India the moment the agricultural population became our foes. If the English Government is to continue to win willing allegiance, it must, in the minds of the common people, personify an idea or institution placed beyond the range of slanderous discussion.

The rank growth of seditious and libellous papers in India, in

recent years, is in a great measure due to what was meant to be a wise and beneficent act on the part of Government. In order to keep touch with public opinion, and to be acquainted with what was said in the vernacular press, native officials were appointed in each province of the Empire to edit a report, which contains translations of all the garbage of that press. The acute Brahmin at once realized the power that Government placed in his hands. A libel published in an obscure paper might be treated with contempt, but the victim and the libeller both know that its importance is enhanced by the libel being brought to the notice of Government and the victim being put to the shame and annoyance of being asked to explain the matter. Not very long ago an obscure paper accused a subordinate judge of corruption. On inquiry being made into the subject by the local High Court, the editor stated that he had no evidence to support his charge; but he had heard it rumoured, and he knew if he mentioned it in his paper Government would take notice of it. The report is regarded as confidential; but the libellers, as a rule, manage to become acquainted with its contents, while the unfortunate victims are ignorant that, week after week, the minds of the authorities are being poisoned against them by baseless slanders. The European official is strong enough to bear the nuisance, but the native official lives in abject terror of being called upon for an explanation. It is, no doubt, useful that Government should be acquainted with what is said about its servants; but the method of acquiring the information might be more diplomatic. A Committee should be appointed to investigate the whole matter. A change should also be made in the wording of the Penal Code, which would make it more easy to punish the propagation of sedition. The Government must be prepared to run the risk of incurring odium in their attempt to crush the viper press. It is, however, certain that natives of position and responsibility will approve of their action. They are the chief sufferers from the low papers which now abound. They know that the doctrines which are now preached, if put into action by a peasantry quiet but easily inflamed, must lead to Coercive Acts, and put an end to all constitutional progress. The leading vernacular and Anglo-vernacular papers will put together a few platitudes gathered chiefly from Milton's famous tract, but they will not be sorry if their disreputable brethren are suppressed. For they are aware that their action casts a slur on the whole vernacular press of India. The vermin of that press have grown bold since the Press Act was abolished, because they regard that abolition as a sign that public opinion in England is in favour of liberty of the press, though liberty may spell license. They think that the fate of the Press Act will make the Government of India afraid again to grapple with the difficulty. But it is sincerely to be hoped that they will soon discover their error. It is the bounden duty of Government to protect their native officials from being blackmailed by ruffians as ruthless as the freebooters that robbed their forefathers. It is the bounden duty of Government to prevent a thrifty and law-abiding peasantry from becoming the prey of the political agitator.

#### MONEY MATTERS.

THE rise in silver is attended by some consequences which have not yet received the attention they deserve. People generally anticipate that the issue of the new silver notes will inflate the American currency, and will, therefore, raise all prices, while the advance in silver itself will so improve the finances of silver-using countries and industrial Companies in those countries that the result must be a great stimulus to business of all kinds. But they fail to observe, or they ignore the fact, that the rise in silver has been brought about to a large extent by speculation. From the beginning of the year the rise had amounted just before the new American Act came into force to about 20 per cent.—that is to say, an advance of 20 per cent. took place while the American Government was buying no more than it had been buying for twelve years previously, and while there was no other new demand except speculation. And it is clear that the speculation must have been on an immense scale which could have so much raised the price of an article produced in such large quantities all over the world. No doubt the general expectation that the Silver Bill would pass had a considerable influence. It led many users of silver to buy sooner than they otherwise would have done, so as to escape the anticipated advance. That might account for a rise of 5 per cent., or perhaps somewhat more; but it clearly cannot account for a rise of 20 per cent. That must have been mainly the effect of a vast speculation, and such a speculation at any moment may have grave consequences. It might be continued successfully for an indefinite time if silver were produced only by a few great Companies. The Companies might combine together to restrict the output and keep up the price. But notoriously silver is produced in very many countries, and under the most varying conditions. In some mines the silver is the chief ore; in others it is a subordinate product, either gold, or lead, or copper, or some other ore, being that for the extraction of which the mine was originally opened. The existence of silver in it enables the owners to sell the other ore at a lower price than they otherwise could, and so silver rises the ability to sell the other ore at continually falling



prices increases. Therefore it seems clear that the rise in the price of silver must immensely stimulate production in those mines where silver is only one of the ores extracted.

Take, for example, the Australian lead-mines. They are rich in silver compared with most other lead-mines, though not as rich as the principal American. Roughly, the proportion of silver in the Australian mines is about  $\frac{1}{3}$  of 1 per cent.; whereas in English lead-mines the proportion of silver is only about  $\frac{1}{190}$  of 1 per cent.—that is to say, the Australian lead-mines contain about twenty-five times more silver than the English in the same quantity of ore. Even when silver was low the Australian mines had a great advantage over the English; but now that silver has risen so greatly the advantage is immensely increased. Obviously the owners of the Australian mines can afford to sell their lead at a price very greatly lower than the owners of English mines can, the profit on the silver more than compensating them. And it is evident, therefore, that the rise in silver must stimulate the owners of those mines, to increase as much as possible their output, so as to drive competitors out of the lead market. What is true of those lead-mines is true equally of all other mines in which silver is found with other ores. Even, then, if we were to assume that the owners of mines in which silver is the principal ingredient could combine to restrict the output and keep up the price, it would evidently be contrary to the interests of those mines in which silver is a minor ingredient to join in the combination. It seems clear, therefore, that the result of the rise must be to increase, before very long, the production of silver. The speculators hope, no doubt, that before that time comes they will have sold what they now hold to the American Government. They may be able to do so if the principal silver-mines combine to restrict production. But if they do not, if the production is not restricted, and if the metal is freely offered for sale, it is difficult to see how the speculators can escape loss. In any event, whether they succeed or fail in their attempt to corner the market by means of the American Government, they are exposed to serious danger. The return of stringency in the money market, if it lasted long, might make it impossible for them to borrow the money necessary to continue their operations. And the revival of political apprehension in Europe would be an even more formidable matter. In all probability it would not merely have an effect upon the money market, but it would tend also to send down the price of silver. Whether the danger will be escaped depends, firstly, upon whether the chief mine-owners are willing to combine for the support of the market, and, secondly, upon how much the speculators have been obliged to buy to send up the price as they have done. Upon the latter point, of course, no information exists, and only the wildest guess can be hazarded. All that can be said with certainty is, that the speculation must have been large to have produced so marked a result. It is quite true that the American Government is bound by law to buy about half the present production of the world; but, as we have been pointing out above, the production of the world is likely to be largely augmented. If the augmentation is rapid and the speculators have had to buy largely, it will be difficult for them to close their operations without loss, and the difficulty will be very greatly increased if the rise in price should lead to a decrease in consumption other than the American—if, for example, it should cause India to buy less than she lately has been doing, and should also induce a smaller demand for the arts.

During the first three days of this week there was a steady fall in the value of money, the rate of interest being as low as from  $2\frac{1}{2}$  to 3 per cent., and the rate of discount ranging between  $3\frac{1}{2}$  and  $3\frac{3}{4}$  per cent. Upon the Continent generally the money markets have been growing easier for a considerable time. The Paris market in particular is very easy. The Bank of France holds about  $53\frac{1}{2}$  millions sterling in gold, and about  $50\frac{1}{2}$  millions sterling in silver, together over 103 millions sterling. Naturally, therefore, the market is very confident regarding the future. And on Saturday of last week the Government paid off about  $3\frac{1}{2}$  millions sterling of Treasury Bills. The transfer of so large a sum from the Treasury to the market sent down rates, and it is said that several of the principal Paris banks have, in consequence, been buying bills in London on a large scale. In Berlin, too, the money market is much easier than it was at this time last year; and, although the stock of gold held by the Imperial Bank has decreased about two millions sterling since the middle of July, it is generally expected that no serious stringency will occur this year, as speculation is greatly reduced. In New York, again, the probability seems decidedly now that ease will prevail. The Secretary of the Treasury, having redeemed 20 millions of dollars of Four and a Half per Cents. during the past few weeks, has offered this week to redeem a similar amount, and upon the same terms—that is, paying off the principal at par, and anticipating the interest of  $4\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. by twelve months. The bonds seem to be coming in in large amounts, and the expectation is general that the whole will be offered for redemption. If so, in the course of a few weeks over eight millions sterling will be transferred from the Treasury to the market. Besides this there will be the issue of over a million sterling every month in payment for silver under the new Act. It seems reasonable, therefore, to assume that money will soon become abundant and cheap in New York. Therefore, bankers and billbrokers in London argue that the tendency here also must be downwards. On Thursday, however, there was some recovery in rates, as the market had to repay to the Bank of England the money borrowed on the previous Thursday, and yesterday about a million sterling fell due upon

the Indian loan. It is possible that the India Council may lend out the latter sum; but it is thought more likely that it will be borrowed by the Bank of England; and, if so, the withdrawal of such considerable sums from the market is likely to raise rates quickly. The ultimate course of the market, however, will chiefly depend upon whether gold is sent in large amounts to the River Plate countries. Shipments are being made in moderate amounts at present; but, if one may judge of the future from the past, very large withdrawals are not probable.

There has been a general rise of prices in the Stock Exchange during the week, yet the business doing has not much increased. Owing to the great cheapness of money upon the Continent, and the preparations being made for new issues of various kinds, more particularly for the great French funding loan of over thirty millions sterling, the Continental Bourses are becoming decidedly more active than they were. In Paris, French Three per Cent. Rentes are higher than they have ever been, and there are confident predictions that they will rise still more. International securities are also being largely dealt in, and so are Suez Canal shares, copper shares, and diamond shares. There is also a good deal of business doing in London in copper and diamond shares, and in several other inter-Bourse securities. But the home railway market is hardly as active as it was last week. The traffic returns of the several Companies continue to show surprisingly large increases, proving that trade is still growing in all parts of the country. Yet the prices of railway stocks have been hardly maintained; there has been, indeed, a considerable fall in some of the stocks, more particularly in the Deferred Stock of the Brighton Company. In Silver Securities there was also early in the week a decline. Mexican railway stocks, for instance, fell in a single day about 5%, and though part of the fall was afterwards recovered, there has been another fall, and quotations are lower than they were at the end of last week. Those stocks, however, were driven up excessively by speculation, not merely because of the rise in silver, but because also of the early redemption by the Mexican Government of the subvention due to the Company. It is now, however, recognized that the benefit accruing from the redemption to the Company has been greatly exaggerated. Four and a half per Cent. Rupee paper at one time was over 92, and afterwards fell to a little over 91. It has since been fluctuating between the two extremes; but, as silver seems again rising, the probability is that there will be a further advance. The American department is neglected, and business is smaller than it has been for a long time. In the beginning of the week there seemed to be an inclination among operators in London to put up prices; but, on the resumption of business in New York, after Monday's holiday, the movement there was downward rather than upward, which entirely disheartened operators in London. Upon the whole, the markets are very steady, but they are very largely under the control of speculators, the public not dealing to any considerable extent.

Mr. Steenstrand, the Liverpool cotton-broker who created so great a sensation last year by his attempt to corner the cotton market, has been made bankrupt this week. It will be recollected that at the beginning of last year he bought immense quantities of cotton for future delivery—especially he bought very largely for September delivery. He calculated that the crop would be smaller than the demand, and that he would in consequence be able to sell at a very great profit. The manufacturers, however, worked short time both in July and in September, and the result was that Mr. Steenstrand's calculations were largely disappointed. It is said, however, that he realized by the operations a profit of about 80,000*l.* This year he repeated the same tactics, but the manufacturers supplied themselves more liberally than last year, and the crop proved to be larger than he had anticipated. There has in consequence been a sharp fall during the past few weeks, resulting, it is said, in a loss to Mr. Steenstrand of over 200,000*l.*, and he has been obliged to compromise with his creditors.

#### THE PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS TO THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

**B**UT that the unexpected commonly happens, it would be safe to prophesy that the present meeting of the British Association at Leeds, under the presidency of Sir F. Abel, will be of an uneventful character. Still the brilliancy of a meeting is not always a measure of its real value to science; and the members, at any rate, will find that the neighbourhood of Leeds is interesting in several respects, and the town itself, though it is black and not comely, has great attractions for all connected with scientific industries.

Three separate threads are commonly combined in the textile fabric of a Presidential Address to the British Association. These are—laudation of the locality, the progress of science in general, and the President's speciality. Remarks on the first should observe the rule for a lady's allowance of punch, viz., sweet and strong, but limited in quantity. In this Address that rule has been forgotten, and so the introductory part is somewhat prolix. In the present state of science it is becoming more and more difficult to give due prominence to each of the other topics, and a president finds himself compelled to make choice between them; that is, to restrict himself either to a general sketch of

scientific progress, or to a more detailed account of his own line of research.

Sir F. Abel has evidently felt this difficulty, and has endeavoured to steer a middle course. Yet, we think, his Address would have been really improved if he had boldly determined to limit its scope. By touching upon several subjects—all, as might be expected, connected with the practical applications of scientific principles—he has doubtless appealed to a larger number in his audience; but the result is an Address which, though curtailed in delivery, ran to a length which some at least of the audience found trying.

The more general section of the Address is practically limited to two subjects. Of these one is the applications of electricity to telegraphic and telephonic purposes, to lighting, to locomotion, and to the welding of metals; the other (suggested to some extent by the last-named topic) is the properties of alloys. Sir F. Abel's clear summary of recent investigations on the latter subject is not the least interesting portion of his Address; for few things in nature are so startling and apparently anomalous as the effects which are produced on the physical properties of certain metals by small quantities of sundry other metals. One example may suffice to indicate the interest and the importance of recent researches in this direction:—"The existence [of manganese] in steel of proportions ranging from 0.1 up to about 2.75 per cent. improves its strength and malleability; it becomes brittle if that limit is exceeded, the extreme of brittleness being obtained with between 4 and 5 per cent. of manganese; if, however, the percentage is increased to not less than 7 and up to 20, alloys of remarkable strength and toughness are obtained. Even if the proportion of manganese is as high as 20 per cent. in a steel containing 2 per cent. of carbon, it can be forged; whereas it is very difficult to forge a steel of ordinary composition containing as much as 2.75 of carbon. Another remarkable peculiarity of the high manganese-steel is its behaviour when quenched in water. Instead of the heated metal being hardened and rendered brittle by the sudden cooling, like carbon-steel, its tensile strength and its toughness are increased; so that water-quenching is really a toughening process, as applied to the manganese-alloy; and an interesting feature connected with this is, that, the colder the bath into which the highly-heated metal is plunged, the tougher is the product." The presence of small quantities of chromium in steel increases its hardness, tenacity, and closeness of structure to a remarkable degree, rendering it invaluable in the manufacture of projectiles, but diminishes its welding properties, which are increased by manganese. The latter affects the magnetic properties of iron, which the former does not. The effects also of copper, aluminium, tungsten, and nickel as alloys of steel are very remarkable, and are giving rise to results of great practical value.

A full half of Sir F. Abel's address is devoted to the science of explosives, in which he is so high an authority. But he reminds us, almost plaintively, that he has not spent his whole life in devising the most effectual methods of destroying his fellow creatures, for he has had "opportunities of rendering some slight public service in directions contrasting with one of the main functions of his career," by endeavouring to diminish the dangers of explosion to which particular classes of the community are exposed. His countrymen, however, are not likely to require him to follow the example of a certain mediæval bishop, who, after building a castle—in which work he took delight—always founded a monastery as a set-off, thus satisfying his episcopal conscience. We are not living in millennial times, and if England is to be safe she must not only keep her powder dry, but take care that the explosive is at least as good as any possessed by her neighbours.

Sir F. Abel's lucid sketch of the progress of the science of explosives since the date of the last meeting in Leeds, 1858, that is, very soon after the close of the Crimean War, forms the most interesting portion of his address, and would have sufficed for the whole. The difficulties which are encountered in the manufacture of explosives, especially for use in war, are considerable, and sometimes almost contradictory in their nature. A chief object is that the charge should possess the greatest possible ballistic properties; but this is not all. Some powders, very valuable in other respects, rapidly absorb moisture, or are injuriously affected by warmth. Some are found to explode too readily, and so may "hoist the engineer on his own petard"; some rapidly wear away the inside of the gun, and injure it as an arm of precision. Again, when quickness of fire is important, the less smoke the better. In the case of heavy artillery the explosion of the charge should be comparatively gradual, but at the same time uniform. The latter is found to be better secured in black powder "by the thorough blending or mixing together of different products of manufacture, presenting some variations in regard to size, density, hardness, or other features, than by aiming at an approach to identity in the characters of the individual grains or masses." To avoid injuring the weapon by erosion a powder is needed which shall furnish on explosion the largest amount of gaseous products with the least development of heat. Absence of smoke is the result of complete combustion of the materials constituting the powder, one condition of which is fineness of division. If, however, a comparatively large amount of water vapour is produced by the explosion, the smoke so rapidly disperses as not to be any serious inconvenience. This result has been obtained by the use of a powder, which contains a rather higher proportion of saltpetre than an ordinary powder and a very slightly-burned charcoal. On its explosion, the finely-divided potassium salts,

forming the bulk of the smoke, are speedily absorbed by the large proportion of water vapour in which they are distributed. Ammonium-nitrate powders are found to possess excellent ballistic properties, and to produce but little smoke; but are injuriously affected by rapidly absorbing water from very damp air, and are only suited for a dry climate.

For a smokeless powder recourse must be had to one of the nitro-compounds represented by gun-cotton, since their explosive products "consist exclusively of gases and of water vapour"; while in the case of gunpowder "over 50 per cent. are not gaseous even at high temperatures." But with these the worker is at once confronted by other and most serious difficulties. Chief among them is that of regulating the rapidity of burning when the material is compressed in the form of a charge, it being found that "some slight unforeseen variation in its compactness or in the amount and disposition of the air-spaces in the mass would develop very violent action." This, however, has been to a considerable extent overcome by reducing the fibres to a pulp, which afterwards is either converted into grains or formed into larger masses. Powder in which nitro-glycerine is an important constituent is almost perfectly smokeless, and develops a very high energy; but this, like various kinds of nitro-cellulose powder, quickly wears away the barrel of the weapon, in consequence both of the great heat generated and of the cleanness of the discharge. It seems clear from Sir F. Abel's remarks that in the present state of knowledge each advantage has its associated drawback, so that an explosive which is the best possible for warfare under one set of conditions may be unsuitable under another set. For instance, the extent to which the comparatively sensitive nitro-compounds (from which smokeless powders must be manufactured) can be used "in our ships or in our tropical possessions may have to be limited by the practicability of fulfilling certain special conditions essential to storage without danger or possible deterioration."

The best kind of explosive for shells, torpedoes, and mines does not appear to be, as yet, fully ascertained, those which are the most powerful being generally the most unsafe to the employer. For the second and third purpose wet gun-cotton seems to be, on the whole, the best; while for shells it is doubtful whether this material, or picric acid, or the comparatively slow explosive gunpowder, is really preferable under the conditions of actual warfare. Sir F. Abel refers to the much-vaunted explosive melinite, the secret of which has been well kept by the French Government; but evidently does not feel much anxiety on this score. Indeed, it is satisfactory to notice that his remarks on military explosives are uttered in a tone of quiet confidence, as if he thought that in regard to these we were about as well off as our neighbours in Europe.

These questions of offence and defence are followed by some remarks on explosions in mines and on the growth of the petroleum industry; the latter, though interesting, being rather a digression; and the Address concludes with references to technical education and to the Imperial Institute. Both, we suppose, were under the circumstances inevitable; but we seem to have heard very much about them lately.

#### UNKNOWN ITALY.

IT may seem almost incredible that there should be an interesting and picturesque part of Italy not only unknown to Cook and his tourists, but unknown to the majority of Italians. An excursion made lately by some members of the Italian Alpine Club through the province of Ascoli Piceno in the Marche, and their appreciative remarks, have led to the publication of a guide-book by the grateful inhabitants, who were delighted to find their country thought worthy of inspection. This book treats the subject quite exhaustively. The geography, history, botany, the legends and the poetry, the manners and the customs, prevalent in this most picturesque and unique region are discussed at length; and a perusal of the work would, we venture to suggest, prove more entertaining to the lover of Italy than the nine hundred and ninety-ninth guide to Florence, Rome, or Naples, with which he has probably been favoured. If it should inspire him with a wish to see the country described, we think that he will be repaid for his trouble, especially as the trouble need not be excessive. The Adriatic is just as accessible as the Mediterranean, and the Apennines easier to ascend than the Alps. Hotels, it is true, are not, simply because there have been no tourists to call them into existence; but our traveller would find many houses open to him, and a glimpse into the interiors of these primitive palaces might repay him for the old-world rudeness of the accommodation.

The scenery, in some respects, surpasses that of the Alps. The Apennines have, at all events in this part, as much apparent height, for they rise sheer from the level of the sea, and the olive and festooned vines which adorn their base form, to some taste, a lovelier decoration than the sombre and monotonous pine-wood which girdle the Alps. The "Gran Sasso" is just beyond the limits of our province; but this contains Vettore and Monte Sibilla of the mystic cave, with its mysterious hieroglyphics, traced, as the legend runs, by the Sibyl of the Apennines. Here you may walk in snow and pluck the edelweiss, and listen, besides, to weird legends, told by your guide, as such legends should be told



with unswerving faith. Another peculiar and picturesque feature of the Marches are the miniature cities situated on the summit of each hill, with their fortified surrounding wall, through an arch in which you get a glimpse of the upward-sloping, stone-paved street. Our guide-book is ready with the blood-stained annals of each separate little town that was banded about in the distracted middle ages between Guelph and Ghibelline.

The sojourn on Monte Monaco, upwards of 3,000 feet above the level of the sea, is particularly recommended as wanting only an hotel to equal any of the most famous resorts in Switzerland. If a few adventurous travellers were to fling themselves—not into any gulf—but simply into the outstretched arms of the inhabitants, the certain result would be an hotel, which, if not quite so luxurious as those in Switzerland, would be far less extortionate. The very attractive town of Ascoli (the ancient Asculum) is situated on the banks of the Trento. The legend runs that it was founded by the Sabines whilst celebrating their sacred springtime. They wandered on, following the flight of the "picchio," or woodpecker, the bird sacred to Mars, and settled in this fertile country, being enchanted with the site. They were long to mix with or ally themselves to the Romans, and Sabine traditions, fables, rites, and customs survive here to a remarkable extent. The woodpecker, from which the Picentines derive their name, is still a bird held sacred, and the object of solemn rites. A town of almost equal interest and the rival from remote times of Ascoli is Fermo (the ancient Firmum), situated on a lonely hill overlooking the sea.

Bathing in the Adriatic is particularly pleasant, and at Porto San Giugi and Porto di Fermo there is an excellent bathing establishment where Roman families do occasionally pass their "villeggiatura." San Benedetto del Trento is a still more frequented resort by Italians; no English or American tourist is ever seen in these most healthy, economical, and delightful bathing places. Along the coast, where the express to Brindisi passes once a week, you feel yourself more or less within the pale of civilization; but in the interior of the province, amongst the fertile valleys which divide the mountains, you find Arcadian simplicity and primitiveness. The character of these mountaineers differs from that of other inhabitants of the peninsula. They are laborious, sober, strong, and mild, not warlike, except in defence, yet when on their mettle amongst the best soldiers that Italy can count. The present writer has lived some thirteen years amongst them, and can say with one of their own poets:—

Ma un' altra terra io so, dove dai monti  
Nascono i monti e a mezzo del roccioso  
Dorso il nevato sasso più gigante  
Leva Apennino.

Where mountains born of mountains rise,  
Another land I know;  
Great Apennine a giant bears,  
There—midst eternal snow.

The whole poem, which is inserted in the guide-book, is too long to quote here. It gives a very pleasing and graphic picture of these "Sabine folk mild in their vigour," living in the same primitive way as of old, and cultivating their fertile country according to traditions bequeathed to them from remote antiquity, but worshipping the true God where once they worshipped heathen divinities. The young men are shown leading their splendid oxen, and the young girls, whose large eyes flash beneath the shadow of the basket poised on their heads, pursuing their silent way along by the ancient ivy-covered walls to the fair, where the lowing of innumerable herds greets them from afar, and where the mothers sit shrouded in red shawls, their hands on their knees, guarding the flocks. It is the description of one who knows and loves this land and this people, and would have others know and love them too. The prompt appearance of the carefully-elaborated volume before us on the first sign of encouragement shows how strong is the desire to be known and appreciated, and we see no reason why such a very natural and justifiable desire should not be gratified, except that tourists are painfully like sheep, and very fond of their beaten tracks. The more they are beaten the more they appear to like them.

#### LORD CORNWALLIS AND THE IRISH UNION.

III.

**B**ETWEEN February and June 1800 both the Irish Houses of Parliament were fully occupied with long and important debates. There were discussions on the security of the Church, on the commercial articles, on the public debt, on the manufactures of glass and iron, on cotton, on the right of the Crown to create an unlimited number of Irish peers, on the retention of some boroughs and the disfranchisement of others, and on divers other immaterial points. Slowly but surely the tide rose in favour of the Union. The sittings in the Lower House were never suspended before midnight, and were occasionally protracted till noon the next day. Once the Opposition snatched a small majority when the Speaker had left the chair. Twenty-six petitions were presented from Dublin and other large towns against the Union, and seventy-four in its favour. Of the latter, nineteen came from the freeholders of counties. In certain measured trials of strength the Opposition were defeated by 157 votes to 110 and by 155 to 107. A return of the incomes of large

landed proprietors, which may have been suggested by recollections of the estates of the Zamindars of Bengal, showed that the supporters of Government had a total annual income of more than a million, while that of the opponents only amounted to 358,000*l.* Cornwallis got over a coolness which had arisen between the Castle and a family of importance in the North of Ireland, by asking the head of it to dinner; and, as he put it to Ross, he "cultivated some of the most loyal and respectable anti-Unionists with success." The Roman Catholic peers were conspicuous "for their loyalty, their attachment to the King and Constitution, and their love of British connexion." Castlereagh answered Grattan and other speakers with singular promptitude, coolness, and logic. The fiery patriot declared that the Union was slavery, and that the people would rise to recover their liberties. Castlereagh denounced this as "prophetic treason," and his friends had some difficulty in preventing a duel between him and Grattan. In another speech the Secretary scouted the notion that the united Parliament would ever repeal the Union. "This," he added, "was an event so improbable that, if the permanence of the Union were to rest on such a contingency, he could wish it no greater security." At length, in the first week of June, when one speaker had denounced "the villany of Government" and another had argued against the Union from the Book of Daniel and the Revelation, the Bill was reported on in Committee, read a third time, and sent up to the Lords. The comment of Cornwallis on the result is, that "though the country could not be saved without the Union, you must not take it for granted that it will be saved with it." There was, however, no agitation in town or country. On the 2nd of August the Lord-Lieutenant reported that he had "notified the Royal Assent to the measure, and that it passed without a murmur in Dublin and without the smallest appearance of discontent and uneasiness." Still, it was thought prudent not to fire a salute or to make any noisy demonstration. There were no public rejoicings in London, as the outlook abroad was not very favourable; and, as a matter of history, the Union took effect on January 1st, 1801, when at last a salute was fired. About the middle of August the Lord-Lieutenant went in procession from the Castle to St. Patrick's Cathedral. The crowd was immense, orderly, and cheerful. Some of the sightseers cried out "That's he!" and often added, "God bless him!" "These," he writes, "are not unpleasant circumstances to a man who has governed a country for two years by martial law." As some set-off to this manifestation of a healthy public feeling at the capital, there were reports of plots and conspiracies, which Cornwallis sedulously discouraged, as he knew that the principal object of the authors of such rumours was to furnish excuses for their own violence in repression.

The Union, as most people are aware, was not effected by oratory alone. Promises of rewards and honours had been given, and they had to be redeemed. A good deal of correspondence of an animated and controversial character passed between the Duke of Portland and the Lord-Lieutenant. The former was disposed to limit the creation and promotion of peers. Cornwallis, backed by Castlereagh, replied in a manly and dignified letter, pointing out that this refusal placed him in a distressing situation; that, relying on what he terms "*carte blanche*," he had passed his word to certain gentlemen; and that he must either be thought to have usurped a power which he did not possess, or would be charged with a deliberate breach of faith. He wound up by requesting the King's permission to retire from a station which he could not any longer hold with honour to himself or advantage to the public service. Of course the Duke of Portland had to give in. The King himself was so satisfied with his Viceroy that he said confidentially to more than one high personage, "If Lord Cornwallis asks me for a Dukedom, I shall certainly give it him." But the ex-Governor-General and Viceroy wanted nothing for himself. He wished faith to be kept with the waverers whom he had conciliated and with the friends who had been severely tried. On six Irish peers English peerages were bestowed; nineteen were promoted to Viscounties and Marquises. There were twenty-two new creations, and other Peers besides were created or promoted, but for services unconnected with the Union. Then came something more substantial than coronets. No less than eighty boroughs were disfranchised, and they had all been in the hands of borough proprietors. One peer commanded seven seats; another had six; eight more had four apiece; and the remainder were in the hands of one or more individuals. A full and correct list of these proprietors and of the sums paid to each is given in the Cornwallis correspondence. The largest sum received by any one patron was 52,000*l.* One peer got 45,000*l.* The smallest compensation was 200*l.*; but nineteen sums of 7,500*l.* were handed over to as many proprietors, and there were other lump payments of 13,000*l.* and 14,000*l.* In three boroughs the influence of bishops preponderated; and in the case of a fourth, known as Swords, where there was no patron, the sum of 15,000*l.* was vested in the hands of trustees to be laid out in schools and in other works for the general benefit of the place. The whole sum spent in this way amounted to 1,260,000*l.* Other disbursements were made to Loyalists or persons who had given secret and valuable information, but they amounted only to 1,500*l.*; and 1,000*l.* was assigned yearly as pensions. Some severe moralists may think all this very shocking; but it must be recollected in judging of these recompenses that in those days Parliamentary influence was looked on as a species of property. The question was not how the mass of the people could be represented, but how government was to be carried on. The power

exercised by certain great families in the disposal of particular seats, and in elections generally, was enormous, and was not likely to be surrendered without some equivalent. It is remarkable, too, that all this money was disbursed to secure a political end by a Viceroy whose dispensation of patronage in India had been singularly disinterested and pure. Ten years before this time Cornwallis had been repeatedly pressed by peers and Royal personages to provide for some friend or protégé sent out to Calcutta on pure speculation by appointments in the Civil Service of Bengal and Behar. The line between the writer, factor, or senior merchant, and the interloper, as he was uncourtously termed, had not been fixed with precision. Cornwallis refused to send one young man as judge to Benares, and to employ another as clerk in the Secretariat, when their sole qualifications were that they came out with commendatory letters from country neighbours and friends. He selected his nominees for their worth, and he further reformed and purified the whole Civil Service of India, raising its members above temptation by ample pay, and creating in them a spirit of integrity, a high standard of honour, and sincere devotion to the State. But the nomination to an Irish close borough had a recognized market value, and had to be paid for, if surrendered, like any other article. Perhaps in that millennium of political purity to which we are evidently hastening it may be thought "blackguardly" at some future day to nurse a borough by rebuilding churches, putting up painted windows, and presenting to the Mayor and Corporation a People's Park of ten acres in extent.

Another more serious question was left unsettled. It was the Catholic Emancipation. Difficulties in India about revenue and the army had been trifling, Cornwallis often said, in comparison with those experienced in Ireland. Writing to Ross in the month of October, after the Bill had become law, he says:—"Those things which, if now liberally granted, might make the Irish a loyal people, will be of little avail when they are extorted on a future day." Castlereagh sent the Ministry a pamphlet of several hundred pages, written with much ability, and exhaustive of the whole subject; and it is quite certain that most of the Ministers held very strong views in favour of the removal of all Catholic disabilities. From a confidential memorandum found in Pitt's private papers, it is clear that this Minister wished to resign unless the Catholic claims were conceded, and that in this intention he was followed by Lords Grenville, Spencer, and Camden, and by Windham and Harry Dundas. Cornwallis, when aware of their opinions, thought it necessary to circulate a confidential paper to the principal Catholics in different parts of Ireland, and employed Lord Fingall and Dr. Tracy, the titular Archbishop of Dublin, as mediums of communication. The purport of the memorandum, put shortly, was that the Roman Catholics had been very loyal and well-behaved; that, although no distinct promises or pledges had been given by the Ministry or the Viceroy, the Catholics had some reason to expect a favourable consideration of their claims; that this had now to be postponed; that any undue exhibition of violence or disloyalty would give occasion for the opponents of emancipation to misinterpret their principles or resist their claims; that they must hope for a growing feeling in their favour; and that, in short, it couldn't be helped. The real excuse—and by no means a weak one—was the King's illness. Dundas recorded his opinion that in the event of a Regency or the King's recovery "the question must sleep." His Majesty had had a severe relapse in the month of March, and was ill for ten days; and so, as is notorious, a measure to which the most eminent politicians of the day had committed themselves was postponed for a generation. On the one hand, Cornwallis thought that any person who reopened the subject would be accused of wishing to kill or distract the King, and on the other, he was clearly of opinion that Catholic Emancipation was the one additional measure necessary to make the Union a complete and permanent success.

Lord Hardwicke had been appointed successor to Cornwallis, and he landed at Kingstown about the end of May 1801. After the passing of the Union Cornwallis had enjoyed on the whole a fairly quiet time. He was warned by the Duke of Portland about a threat of rebellion in Wexford and of a conspiracy in Limerick, but he had no difficulty in showing that these reports circulated in England were gross exaggerations. One of the last claimants on his patronage was the celebrated Sir Boyle Roche, who seems to have been much aggrieved by the failure of a comfortable little plan of his own, whereby he would have exchanged posts with a certain Mr. Crosbie. It would, he urged very neatly, have been convenient to both, "as he, who desires to live in England, would have been accommodated with a sinecure place, and I, who intend to be a resident in Dublin, should be very happy in his situation as Commissioner of Stamps." But alas! Cornwallis did not see his way to any job of the sort, nor would he interfere with the arrangements of Lord Hardwicke. On May 28th Cornwallis landed at Holyhead, and he found the roads and the weather so bad that he did not attempt to reach Town in two days, as by the rate of posting he might otherwise have done. One of his last letters expressed his sorrow on leaving a people who had shown him every mark of gratitude and affection; and he went down to Culford, glad to be released from office, to enjoy a little rest, the society of his son and daughter-in-law, and some very good partridge shooting in September.

It has been the object of these papers to show the successive

steps by which the Union was effected, and mainly by Cornwallis, and to give, as far as space would allow, the *ipsissima verba* of the Viceroy at each particular crisis or difficulty. Comparisons and contrasts with our own times have been sedulously avoided. But they are often so obvious that he who runs may make them. There are the same outrages with which we are unhappily familiar in our own generation; the same sham patriotism and the same unreasoning hate; the same necessity for coercion, in the shape of law; and the same happy effects which are certain to follow when the administration is in the hands of a firm and equitable statesman.

Cornwallis's titles to our respect and gratitude rest on splendid public services both in Europe and Asia. It was something to have effected the Peace of Amiens, even though its benefits were of short duration. It was a great thing to have promulgated a code of land laws in India which, with some defects and omissions, have stood the test of a century. It was, perhaps, a greater feat to have commenced a reign of order and law in a land of Oriental despots and slaves, and to have purified and reformed the whole English administration in India. But it may be doubted whether, after all, the Irish Union, binding together two islands that can never be separated without mutual loss and national disaster, was not the most arduous, the most necessary, if not the most successful, work in the long public life of Cornwallis.

#### THE OPEN ST. LEGER.

BETTING is, of course, a very wicked thing; but it is the only medium through which we can contrast the open character of the approaching St. Leger with those of the last few years. We are going to speak exclusively of the betting a week or so before the races, and not at the starts. On Wednesday last, no less than seven favourites were backed at 10 to 1 or less; about the same period before the race in 1884—a remarkably open St. Leger—only five were backed within that margin; in 1887, four; in 1888, three; in 1885 and 1889, two; and in 1886 (Ormonde's year), only one. This is the first time during seven years that as much as 5 to 1 has been laid against the first favourite a week before the race, and in three of those years odds were laid upon, instead of against the favourite, as much as 7 to 1 having been laid in one instance. A bookmaker who made a St. Leger book about a week beforehand during each of the past half-dozen years would have lost more or less heavily on four, been about quits on one, and won moderately on another of them. Ormonde's would have been his worst race, Melton's his worst but one; next to that would have come Donovan's, and after Donovan's Kilwarlin's. On Seabreeze he would not have lost; but he scarcely would have won anything, and his only good race would have been The Lambkin's. If he had made a book early this week, and "got round"—we have been assuming this, by the way, in each instance—he would be certain not to lose, and he might win a good deal; and this, perhaps more than anything else, shows with what confidence a good many of the favourites have been backed on the present occasion. It is worth noticing that, whereas only 3 to 1 was laid on the field for the St. Leger on the Friday at Ascot, 5 to 1 was laid on it on Wednesday last. Five different horses have held the proud position of first favourite during the last six weeks, and on the 8th of July four were quoted at 6 to 1 each, it being almost impossible to say which of them was the first favourite. One of them was Oddfellow, against whom 40 to 1 was laid a week ago. In any case, this cannot fail to be a remunerative St. Leger to bookmakers who have been betting on the race since the Derby; for seven horses have been backed at 100 to 15 or less, to say nothing of several others which have been backed at very moderate odds in the course of the summer, including Queen's Birthday, who came to a short price at the end of last week, as if on purpose to enrich the professional betting-men.

Those who are interested in foreign politics may learn a good deal by reading the reports from the Stock Exchange, even if every penny of their capital is invested in land; and men who are interested in racing may learn much from the betting quotations, although they may never give or take odds, or avail themselves of the familiar offer, "The field a pony!"

We may take this opportunity of noticing one or two of the races of this week at Derby. For the Breeder's St. Leger, Morion, who had shown some of the best three-year-old form of the year, had far more difficulty in beating Ponza than had been found by Queen's Birthday in beating her for the Great Yorkshire Stakes. Both the length of the course and the pace at which the race was run, however, were much more suited to Ponza at Derby than at York. The famous two-year-old, Bumptious, was not disgraced by being beaten a length when giving a stone to Gone Con for the Champion Breeder's Foal Stakes; nevertheless, his friends had fully expected him to win. He was indirectly glorified on the following day, when Inverness, to whom he had given 2 lbs. and a beating by a length at Epsom, beat a field of eighteen for the Devonshire Nursery Handicap, giving from 30 lbs. downwards to his opponents.



## BEMBRIDGE.

ALL golf-links are hard of access, but in few are the perils of the approach enhanced, as at Bembridge, by chances of a watery grave. The Isle of Wight being an island, the golfer might hope his woes would be over when he set foot on the *terra firma* of Ryde. So far is this from being the case, that between the Bembridge golfer's nightly bed and daily bunker yawns, more or less widely, a gulf of the sea. The width of the yawning depends on the tide. At low tide you might drive a ball across; at full tide it is further than a golf ball ever went in dreams, that is, some five times wider. The shorter the sea-voyage, the longer the trudge over sea-sand and sludge—and *vice versa*. The whole business is not much more than half a mile, but much misery may be fitted into half a mile when waves run high. There are alternatives—to go by train to St. Helen's, the next station to Bembridge on the line to Ryde, and thence walk; or to walk all the way. Each alternative costs money; either there is the ferry to be paid, or the train, or, as a pedestrian vexation, a toll-gate. Most golfers, in view of the fatigues of many bunkers, will prefer the chances of *mal-de-mer*.

It is only fair to say, as a set-off to these gruesome terrors—it is really only rough enough for about a week in all in the year to prevent the ferry-boats plying—that the Bembridge golfer's daily bunker and nightly bed are alike excellent of their kind. The presiding spirit of the "Spithead Hotel," and Strickland, the tutelary genius of the coffee-room, are beneficent deities. They know what the golfer is—his needs, his hunger, and his thirst. And the links in their quality are excellent—one could not wish it better—but of quantity they have, alas! too little. You walk up from your ferry-boat over a hundred yards or so of bent, and but for the nature of the soil, which is convincing, could hardly believe yourself on a golf-links. For you are not surrounded, deafened, fallen upon and rent, like a carcass in the talons of birds of prey, by a screaming set of urchins, each considering himself providentially designated as the carrier of your clubs. Beveridge, the resident professional, keeps boys "on the rank," like cabs or porters at a London railway-station. If you are the tenth golfer to cross the roaring main from the "Spithead Hotel," boy number 10 will be assigned to you as inevitably as if by a law of nature. This is a blessing. Like all mundane blessings, it is not an unmixed one—you are not able to have the same boy each day. But in this, too, there are compensations. Your new boy does not know you by heart, like the inside of his own pocket—with all your weaknesses of mind, temper, and putting—as your long-service boy does. For all he may know, you might be Mr. John Ball, junior, and as such you may comport yourself until the first tee-shot.

The club-house is not magnificent, but comfortable and substantial—more than adequate for purposes of lunch and whisky. Club-rooms of greater glory are attached to the transpontine "Spithead Hotel." Almost from the door of the lunch-and-whisky club-house you strike your first tee-shot. It is not impossible—for it has been done, though it is difficult—to pull your ball from this tee into the harbour, where there is sea at high tide, and mud of unfathomed depth, and animal and vegetable jetsam, when the tide is out. It is easy to find trouble without going so far to seek it. There is a road—where on Bembridge golf-links is there not this road?—into which a poor drive may land you. Had you to drive—not in the technical golfing sense—upon it, you would say it was "no road." No spirit of Macadam dwells upon it. It is a track, sandy, rutty, stony—altogether impossibly objectionable—clef by wheels and horses. It is as all-embracing in its ubiquity as that great serpent which the Norsemen conceived to encircle the world, with its tail in its mouth, like a whiting. But supposing for the present you have escaped the coils of its very plain unvarnished tail, you will be within a drive or long cleek shot of the green, which is no easy one to lie upon. On the left is the harbour, to right and beyond are whins and ruggedness; but if you do find safety, you are rewarded, for the green is a beauty.

Then you tee on the edge of whins, and with a good carry-over again find yourself within peril of this ubiquitous road. The snaky thing is not satisfied, as a good serpent should be, with the vexations of its own vertebrae, but throws off occasional offshoots, in a Y-shaped manner, which aggravate things. They are side-tracks, leading the traveller upon them no-whither, but the golfer to perdition, and that speedily. But if you get a lie among the coils, which a fairly true shot will always give you, you will be within an iron shot of the hole, to which the left corner of "the Big Bunker" lends a painful interest. The Bembridge golfer talks bigly and very proudly of this big, big bunker, with big, big B's, because all things are relative, and Bembridge links are very small, though very good, and this, to all intents and purposes, is "our only" bunker. And now we say good-bye for a while to the serpent, and tee near the edge of the big, big bunker, and with a fairly-carrying ball may be well over it. But there is an alternative of sneaking round by the right, which sneaking method is no bad one, for the lies are good; and in either case an iron may take the ball up on the green. The fourth hole is "the long hole"—two drives and an iron-shot at the end of them, if things go well. But things may very easily go wrong. The tee-shot must steer to the left of the big bunker, yet not too much so; for there is broken trouble on the right, and again the inevitable road becomes a danger. The hole is beside the harbour, or an offshoot thereof which is called

the reservoir, and is without the animal and vegetable jetsam. This is the hazard upon the left, and on the right are whins and broken ground.

On the way to the fifth hole are whins to be carried from the tee, which will cause much loss—as of strokes, ball, and temper—if any topping goes on. But the hole is short, so that a full drive will often land comfortably in the ditch and hedge, fencing the course beyond the green. To the left, again, is a less cruel ditch; but except when the hole is at its fullest length, a cleek-shot may lay the ball on the green, and the hole be taken in an easy three. The sixth hole brings you again among the horrid sinuosities of the road. It is near the end of your tee-shot, and the wind will have something to say about the wisdom of playing for over or short. If the first drive be a good one, and lie safe, a second good one may carry you home over the right edge of the big bunker on to a green with vexatious hummocks round about. There is a great chance that your second drive may be interfered with by hitting some one coming to the fourth hole, to your mutual disadvantage. But no one minds this much at Bembridge. You have to get acclimatized to gutta-percha in the air. Luckily the golf-ball does not kill at anything over a hundred yards, or the Bembridge links would be all tombstones.

Hitherto you—the master of boy number 10—have been driving backwards and forwards into the faces of the masters of all previous and subsequent boys. But now you go away at a new tangent and for the seventh hole play across all the other lines of fire. It is full of incident. Here, too, the road indulges in some new offshoots—the trail of the serpent is over it all—and as you skirmish across the plain to your ball, which may lie just short of a little shallow sandy bunker before the hole, the fun of a battle-field is dull compared to it. Sharpshooters cry "Fore!" at you from five points of the compass at once. An old Scottish caddie here gave out the great dictum, "Eh, it's no gowf at a'—it's just war!" Clearly there was no soul of chivalry or adventure in this poor man. With the drive and iron pitch over the shallow bunker this seventh hole should be a four—though there are fearful places and palings just beyond, where you may play any number—and always on the right the harbour. From the seventh hole you plunge again into the thick of the battle, and with a drive—which has to be carefully laid down to avoid the ubiquitous serpent—and an iron shot, deftly played to escape whins on the right, whins on the left, and lie on a lovely putting-green in the middle, you should do this hole again in four. Then home, for the ninth—the last—hole, with two good drives, avoiding again, as with the fear of death, the embraces of that "old serpent," and you come to the clubhouse, the lunch, the whisky, and Beveridge, who tells you that 40 is a real good score.

Eighty-three is the lowest record for a club competition, done by T. S. Henry in 1886. Anything under 40 is excellent for one round, and since it is harder to do two good things than one, anything under 80 is yet more excellent for the two.

Though Bembridge is so very small that the lines of the nine holes have to be laid out on the plan of some of the more complicated figures of the cat's cradle, yet the bunkers, the green, the whins, everything about it, even that old serpent, are of first-class golfing quality. When there are not too many people there, there can be no more perfect or enjoyable test of golf. But when the green is crowded, Heaven have mercy on the golfer, for "it's no gowf at a'—it's just war!"

Being in the Isle of Wight, the climate, even in winter, is balmy. Snow never, one may say, interferes.

The Royal Isle of Wight Golf Club, to give it its full title, was instituted in 1882. It owes much of its success and favour to the exertions of the late Captain Eaton, R.N., who conferred upon it many benefits and a set of rules peculiar to itself. They are excellent rules, but a doubtful boon. Many of those who write to the *Field* about the need of "uniformity" in golf rules are Bembridgites. Now, but for the Bembridge rules the uniformity would be almost perfect. Wherefore the Bembridgite is found in the proud position of being in a minority composed of one.

## THE PASSING OF THE AGED PSYCHOPATH.

[In Russia, where obscure and imaginary mental ailments are, for all legal and most practical purposes, confounded with insanity of behaviour, the word *psychopath*, meaning a person who enjoys all the rights of a sane man and many of the privileges of a lunatic, though coined but a few years ago, is most extensively used by all classes of society. So many persons now describe themselves as *psychopaths* that it no longer confers upon them the least distinction.—M. LAXIS, in the *Fortnightly Review*.]

COME hither, little Vladimir,  
And listen and take heed;  
I've sent for you that you may hear  
Your grandsire's dying rede.

I ever sought distinction's niche  
Throughout my life, and you,  
My Vladimir Ivanovitch,  
Must be distinguished too.

Then take not up, O grandson mine,  
Or dread my ghostly wrath,  
So common and so cheap a line  
As that of psychopath.

For you must shun the vulgar herd;  
And nowadays, my lad,  
To name yourself by such a word  
Would stamp you as a cad.

Far otherwise it was with me,  
Thank Heaven! when I was young,  
And my well-marked psychopathy  
Employed the public tongue.

When, as a child, in childish play  
I chanced to break a limb,  
And got my tutor sent away  
By charging it on him,

All deemed my case with interest fraught,  
Whom thus, ere yet a youth,  
A nervous system highly-wrought,  
Forbade to speak the truth.

In like emotion, too, they joined  
When, in my boyhood's spring,  
I irresponsibly purloined  
My father's diamond ring.

Then as my morbid instincts throve  
And paralysed my will,  
Men's curiosity inwove  
A stronger feeling still.

And awe and wonder were complete  
When, with no purposed aim,  
I was impelled to counterfeit  
My uncle's honoured name.

Why dwell upon the homicides  
And criminal assaults  
For which psychopathy provides  
Excuse as venial faults?

Suffice it that a case so rare  
Through mouths of mortals ran,  
Till I was reckoned everywhere  
A most distinguished man.

But now, alas! the psychopath  
Is everywhere on view—  
Ah, boy, avert my ghostly wrath,  
And shun that common crew!

Ascribe your thefts to simple greed,  
Plead hatred when you slay,  
Account for every wicked deed  
In the old-fashioned way.

To shame these imitative times  
The novel sight present  
Of one who perpetrates his crimes  
With criminal intent.

And ever this distinction proud  
To psychopaths oppose,  
That you, unlike that vulgar crowd,  
Could help it if you chose.

## REVIEWS.

### INTRODUCTION TO THE HISTORY OF THE SCIENCE OF POLITICS.\*

A VERY great man once demeaned himself to write "the printer is a beast" in consequence of the misdoing, or perhaps the oversight, of a member of that long-suffering corporation. Sir Frederick Pollock might have occasion to write as much of his publishers or his binders, who have put on the forefront and back of this little book *History of the Science of Politics*. Hardly even the Abbé Sieyès would have undertaken to tell the science of politics in a hundred and twenty pages, and, of many men, Sir Frederick is perhaps the last to make any such pretension. But the title-page sets things right; and we are rather glad of the accident because it gives us an excellent text.

For how many people are there who, if they think at all about the matter, which may be doubted, as far as any proper meaning of the word "think" goes, think that as much history of the science of politics as anybody needs may be achieved, not merely in a hundred and twenty pages, but in the single newspaper page which contains one of Mr. Gladstone's speeches? How many are there who, when they find Sir Frederick Pollock referring to Aristotle on all occasions, will dismiss him as a *perruque*,

ignorant of County Councils and the march of intellect? How many who are sure that old world politics have little or nothing to do with new world politicians, and who honestly believe, as far (to distinguish once more) as such a word as belief can be mentioned in connexion with their crude imaginings, that the French Revolution, or the Reform Bill of 1832, or the Reform Bill of 1885, or this, or that, or the other, really in some measure introduced a new heaven and a new earth in matters political?

The contents of the book are those of four lectures first delivered eight years ago at the Royal Institution, then printed in the *Fortnightly Review*, and since pirated in America. The intelligent pirate in a celebrated passage razed one of the Ten Commandments; but it is not reported that he published a cheap edition of it without paying royalty to the Queen's printers or the Universities. Had he done so, he would have been more in accord with his distinguished and humorous descendant. For the science of politics which Sir Frederick teaches is moral, perhaps more moral than the teacher himself would at first acknowledge, to the Rights of Man and the theory of the modern Republic. We must not be understood or misunderstood as wishing to intimate that our author takes a side in politics. He is beautifully impartial on the whole; and if he anywhere deserts perfect impartiality, it is rather on what is vaguely called the popular side. For instance, he speaks quite unkindly of divine right as a sentimental fiction. Now the main fault which others find with divine right is that it is so desperately practical and even opportunist. The end of all politics is to get government to go on smoothly; and if you can only get divine right believed (it is, on the face of it, much less hard to swallow than the right of the majority) your Government "marches" without the slightest difficulty. But even some of its partisans admit that divine right is only suited for very clever people or abject fools, and that the *quantum* of glimmering intelligence which most persons possess cannot away with it.

This, however, is a digression. Sir Frederick's own views of politics count for very little in this sketch. It is, indeed, obvious that while his reason is (on the terms of independence, of course, on which a reasonable man's reason is "with" anything) with Aristotle and Bodin, and Hobbes and Burke, his sentiment sometimes deflects him in the Liberal direction; but this matters exceedingly little. The importance of his book is that it brings the most shamefully and shamelessly becharlatanised of sciences back to book, back to reason, back to history. There are many things, no doubt, which go to make the perfect politician. He is nearly as rare and complex as the perfect beauty. But still he has two main and very simple characteristics. He must know human nature and (chiefly that he may know human nature) he must know history. Indeed, if he really knows history he can hardly fail to know human nature, which never changes, and which merely unfolds fresh aspects of its own perennial identity in the long chronicles of the past. The fatal error of nearly all our modern politicians is that, whether or no they expressly declare their belief that ancient history is an old almanac, they behave as if it was. National Liberal Federation and Primrose League alike, though the one denies what the other only forgets, ignore history.

The book being itself rather a survey than an argument, it is hardly to be noticed otherwise (except by general commendations of its value) than by somewhat detached remarks on the author's successive appreciations. To obtain the full benefit from it it should be read carefully, and then the authors referred to should be read one by one. It is excessively rare to find such a survey—one so free, not merely from "flings," but from undue expressions of personal opinion. The Spartans and Austin are perhaps the only subjects on which Sir Frederick avows (and even here it should be noticed that he avows) a certain amount of prejudice. As for the Spartans, the "rhetoricians and second-hand scholars" to whom Sir Frederick refers with deserved scorn have, no doubt, much to answer for. Let us only plead in mitigation (since Sir Frederick is sceptical even as to their fighting powers) that, after all, the Spartans, with the betting at least ten to one against them at the beginning, did win the very tough and long struggle called the Peloponnesian war. Their discomfiture by Iphicrates's peltasts, to which he refers, was, after all, not more discreditable than the discomfiture of the old Terzias at Rocroy by Condé's troops. However, this is not politics. As for Austin, his manner is, no doubt, as bad as Sir Frederick thinks it, and we personally have no sort of kinship of political opinion with him. But, to judge from our experience, he has a singular clarifying effect on the political intelligence, especially in youth; and this is a great thing in a matter where the worst danger is muddlement. No scholar, nor any philosopher, nor any competent politician, will quarrel with Sir Frederick's general maxim of "back to Aristotle," or with his respective valuation of Plato and Aristotle in this particular subject. He is, by the way, rather hard on Xenophon; but the Xenophon was fond of the Spartans; and it may be admitted that, though an exceedingly pretty leader of troops, and perhaps a better writer at his best than Sir Frederick is willing to allow, he had not a political head. All unfavourable criticisms of Plato on the score of politics is at once summed up, and summed up unanswerably, by the rather unkind, but strictly just, remark that "a balloon is a very fine thing if you are not anxious to go anywhere in particular." We think, indeed, and we do not know that Sir Frederick would differ with us, that the politician will be very much the better for having

\* *Introduction to the History of the Science of Politics*. By Sir Frederick Pollock, Bart. London: Macmillan & Co. 1890.



read, marked, learnt, and inwardly digested the *Politics*, and the *Republic*, and the *Laws*. But he certainly will not find in them, as he will find in that matchless book the *Politics*, the result of a clear and just thought working upon an immense ascertained collection of political facts. And the page in which it is here pointed out how Aristotle slays beforehand the social contract in any and every of its possible forms should be learnt by heart by any ingenious youth who wants to study politics with advantage. For, in truth, this social-contract fallacy, or rather the fallacy which lies behind the social contract, is the root of a vast deal of mischievous and luxuriant weed-growth much more recent in date even than Rousseau. There is, perhaps, some bated breath in Sir Frederick's justification of Aristotle's justification of slavery. Why not acknowledge boldly that slavery of a kind—call it what you will and regulate it as you like—is a necessary condition of political society? We should not, as our author does, endorse as "well said" Professor Bryce's remark that the middle ages were "essentially unpolitical"; indeed, we should nearly as willingly say that they were essentially unarchitectural. But for the special purpose of this book—that is to say, the history of the conscious discussion of political principles—the remark has a working truth, no doubt. To pass to Renaissance times, we cannot too much commend the remarks on Bodin, the general ignorance of whom in England is astonishing. The criticism of Hobbes and of Locke is also very good, though, perhaps, Sir Frederick, with Locke, relies too much on the undoubted fact as against Hobbes that, if government is sufficiently intolerable to a sufficiently large number of the governed, they will rebel, whether you inculcate on them the irrevocable compact of the divine right of kings or (we may add) the sacredness of a majority. No doubt they will. No doubt this is an ultimate fact, and one of the few ultimate facts in the case. But it may be questioned whether it may not and should not be kept in the background, as an inevitable corrective if the worst comes to the worst, rather than paraded as a first principle of Constitutions. So again, we are a little at issue with Sir Frederick on the question whether political power in the last resort is with the majority of the House of Commons. There are instances not merely in remote, but in very recent, history where an undoubted majority of the House of Commons has been, in fact, as much unable to exercise its apparent power as the Crown is to exercise its right of veto. On the other hand, we have read with great pleasure Sir Frederick's remarks on Montesquieu, a writer most unjustly depreciated not merely in England, but (despite M. Sorel's capital little book, which is justly praised here) in France likewise. The treatment of Rousseau may be anticipated. But we are not sure that the view of Burke here given is quite the correct one. Sir Frederick seems to us a little to ignore the fact that Burke was, in effect, a Tory who came into public life at a time when there was no real Tory party, who cast in his lot with the Whigs, and served them faithfully for many years, and who at last exhausted the powers of a great intellect and a supreme gift of eloquence in trying to find Whig arguments for Tory principles. And, lastly, with all our respect for Mr. Huxley, we cannot share Sir Frederick's affection for the phrase that government is "the corporate reason of the community." For Corporate Reason is to us a term which conveys little more meaning than General Reason did to Peacock's amatory peasant in *Melincourt*.

These scattered comments are, no doubt, something unmethodical. But, as we have hinted, they afford almost the only possible means of commenting on the book at all in detail. And it is far too good a book as it is for mere vague encomium. It not only gives an excellent and a most "informing" view of the subject; but its whole gist and tenor from beginning to end is the inculcation of the one and only sound principle of politics, that the thing which hath been shall be, that the lessons of the past must be the axioms of the future. This is the cardinal doctrine of politics, which if he keep faithfully, a man is on the way to political salvation; which if he neglect, he is on the way to that pit of political perdition to which unluckily too many Englishmen are being cheered and lured on by their leaders to-day.

## NOVELS.\*

WE do not know whether *The Dead Man's Gift* is Mr. Herbert Compton's first attempt in fiction, or whether he has published others. If it is his first, it does him great credit. It is refreshingly old-fashioned, without either descending to the level of shilling melodrama or introducing seas of gore. One would certainly infer from it that Mr. Compton had never read—or, having read, had refused to mark, learn, or digest inwardly—the masterpieces of "analysis." The hero, Denis Durand, is all that the hero of a straightforward eventful romance should be, with the addition that, instead of being a stick—the besetting temptation of such gentry—he has a delightful simplicity of character and

readiness to be imposed upon, which at once ensures his getting into the most desperate scrapes, and maintains the interest of the reader as to what providential occurrence it will be that will pull him out again, and how he will ultimately succeed in bringing the perfectly suitable and rather attractive heroine in triumph to the hymeneal altar. Denis was a tea-planter on the slopes of the Himalayas, and was young, strong, handsome, and industrious. Accordingly he planted, gathered, and manufactured his tea, and made friends, and lost some of them, and made enemies, and fell in love with a particularly unsophisticated little girl, the daughter of a neighbour, who managed her father's household by the light of nature. She violently reciprocated his affection; and, as regarded their mutual sentiment, nothing went amiss. But Denis became the prey of a crafty and very entertaining villain, and ruin came upon him, and fate persecuted him in the most relentless and edifying manner, until he made his fortune out of what appeared to be the last, and almost the worst, of his catastrophes. During all of which time his adventures were continuous and exciting, and are capitally related by Mr. Compton, who is a decidedly humorous and agreeable writer. Sentimental he is, of course, and a little too much addicted to the use of italics, but he shares each of these weaknesses with Mr. Charles Reade, whose less didactic and pleasanter style of narrative he not unfrequently recalls. Moreover, the story contains an admirable Parsee shopkeeper and a first-rate dog. They both save Denis's life, the dog in particular, by a display of intelligence, to increase which would have been to surpass the bounds set to canine wisdom by the actual condition of the universe. As it is, however, those bounds are not surpassed, and "Shot" is one of the best characters in the book. In more than one place Mr. Compton is successfully pathetic, and altogether the book is an excellent piece of light reading.

*Youma* is another rather good (though very short) story, with a scene comparatively new in British fiction. This is Martinique, in the middle of the present century, immediately before the emancipation of the slaves. The author's strong point is the extreme vividness of his account of plantation life as regards both the natural features of the landscape and the manners and customs of the inhabitants. Of story, strictly so called, there is, indeed, hardly any; but no one who knows nothing of the French West Indies can read *Youma* without feeling that he has added to his stock of literary experience. The book ends in a servile rebellion, and the story in brutal massacre of all the characters except one of secondary importance, the gloom of this more than Shakspearean holocaust being relieved only by the heroic self-devotion of Youma, the heroine, who was a slave and a child's nurse, and who showed the invincible fidelity which many native servants were to show to their European masters and masters' children on the other side of the world some ten years later. There is a good deal of negro-French jargon here and there in the book, some translated and some not, but all fairly intelligible, and reading as if it were a pretty kind of *patois*.

A man who has the courage to state in plain print on his title-page that his work is "a religious novel" deserves the applause of the discriminating on this account, if on no other. No less is dared and done by Mr. Joseph Hocking. Jabez Easterbrook was an ideally good, wise, strong, active, and intelligent Methodist preacher. He loved the daughter of his elder, or principal church-member, or something of that sort, and she was a haughty, advanced, strong-minded, immensely clever, and gloriously beautiful young atheist named Margaret. She rather opened his eyes by telling him his religion was all nonsense, and that if he studied the works of Comte, Darwin, Huxley, and Frederic Harrison he would find it out. He had never heard of any of these persons before; but immediately spent a year—or that part of it which he could spare from knocking down drunken navvies and converting them into Young Men's Christian teetotallers—in reading their books, whereby he became a better Christian than ever. But he preached against fixed creeds—they all do—and said that Solomon was an indifferent philosopher, owing to his having been a wicked old man who unduly indulged himself in the number of his wives. So they kicked him out of his ministry. About this time Margaret, having gradually fallen in love with Jabez (in spite of his name), became as good a Christian as he was—or better. She announced the event to the members of her family by informing them over the breakfast-table that she had "found Christ" in her room the evening before, and Mr. Hocking is of opinion that words are not equal to the description of "the joy that was felt at Heathertown Grange that morning." So she arranged to marry Jabez, and he set up in a neighbouring town as a Dissenters' Robert Elmsere, with a meeting-house, chess-and-draught-room, swimming-bath, gymnasium, and all the other requisites for making the lives of men and women brighter and better in the most approved modern style. It goes without saying that the homely manners and total ignorance of the educated parts of the world shown by Jabez and his friends are described with such minuteness as to be amusing when taken in very small quantities, intolerable when read for an hour together, and probably in substance true to the life. The most exciting passages occur when the whole party takes a trip to Windermere. Jabez is nearly drowned in an awful storm that arises upon that dangerous water, and is only saved by the circumstance that when the raging billows overwhelm his frail craft, and he himself is "swept onward" by "a monstrous wave," he is able to put down a toe, and has the satisfaction of feeling

\* *The Dead Man's Gift: a Tea-planter's Romance.* By Herbert Compton. London: W. H. Allen & Co. 1890.

*Youma: the Story of a West Indian Slave.* By Lafcadio Hearn, Author of "Two Years in the French West Indies," &c. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1890.

*Jabez Easterbrook: a Religious Novel.* By Joseph Hocking, Author of "Erad the Bic," &c. London: Ward, Lock, & Co.

"firm soil beneath his feet." A few days later they are all caught by a storm on Helvellyn, and Margaret is saved only by the courage and good fortune of Jabez. On both occasions the natives, knowing their lakes and their mountains, display the utmost cowardice, and refuse to go anywhere to help any one. When Jabez was out in the storm Margaret offered 10*l.* to any boatman who would put out in search of him, and offered it in vain. Several of Jabez's sermons are given in summary, and his appearance before the Committee which dismissed him for heterodoxy is fully reported, especially his arguments, which were particularly disingenuous. The volume is dedicated to Mrs. Hocking, whom the author describes in his dedication as "my severest critic." Unhappy man!

#### MILITARY CAREER OF JOHN SHIPP.\*

THE "Adventure Series" is more completely justified of its children by John Shipp than by either of the volumes which have gone before these Memoirs. It deserved reprinting better than either the *Adventures of a Younger Son* or *Robert Drury's Journal*. Intrinsically it is not, perhaps, a better or more interesting book than either; but, though it may appear paradoxical, we are not sure that worth and interest are always the best reasons for reprinting a book. When a work is well known by reputation to all who are likely to read it, when it is easily accessible by them, there is no particular reason why it should be brought out in a new edition. But there are books which, though deserving to be known, are not known, or, though known of, are not easily come at. And these it is which should be reprinted. Shipp's Memoirs cannot well have become inaccessible. They went through three editions between 1829 and 1843, and many copies must survive, more or less battered and illegible, but not difficult to find. Yet the book had fallen out of sight more completely than was just, and Mr. Fisher Unwin has been well advised in bringing it to light again. The editor, Mr. Manners Chichester, has done the work of introduction at sufficient length and with as much detail as was needed—that is, he has produced the evidence required to set at rest the doubts of any reader who wants to be assured that there was a "veritable John Shipp," and he has reprinted from Tegg's edition of 1843 the supplement which accounts for his later years. One is glad to learn from it that Shipp died in tolerable circumstances—young, indeed, and just when he seemed to be at the beginning of more prosperous years—but still not in the want which might so well have been the end of such a career as his. The illustrations are very appropriate, being mostly somewhat wooden pictures of soldiers, white and black, in old-fashioned uniforms. There is a delightful frontispiece, containing the portrait of John Shipp himself—wearing a shako of the most imposing proportions, and pointing with a very crooked sabre at a gloomy fortress, presumably Bhurtpore. It gives Shipp a distinctly bibulous appearance—most unjustly, we hasten to add—and has decidedly the look of a character portrait of the popular actor Mr. So-and-So in his favourite part of Captain —.

In this respect, also, the portrait is unfair, for Shipp's fighting was no play-acting. A man who was twice promoted from the ranks, once by Lord Lake and then by Lord Hastings, must have seen real service. That all Shipp has to tell is Wahrheit, and no part of it Dichtung, it would be rash to assert. But we think that the Wahrheit is in the fighting and the Dichtung in the padding. When Shipp wrote he knew, or was told, he had to please a public which liked sentiment, and expected piety, so he gave them specimens of both. It is easy enough to detect where it comes in. Thus we have no doubt that when he was a very young soldier at the Cape he deserted with a girl, and was ignominiously haled back by the provost-marshal. That is a very credible adventure; but when Shipp describes the lovely Sabrina who led him into such unilitary conduct as a kind of Bartolozzi young woman in the flesh, and insists on the poetry of the story, the reader knows that he is being served with the Dichtung and not the Wahrheit. This adventure, we may add, doth greatly smack of an incident in the life of Mr. Rattlin the Reefer, whose real biographer some excellent judges hold to have been Captain Marryat. Then, again, the praying of Shipp is suspicious. We would not hint a doubt that Shipp did pray, nor even dissent from the doctrine that he prayeth best who fighteth best, but the manner is dubious. He is always going into secret places, for which indeed there is good authority, and there finding repentant soldiers bewailing their sins, who commonly are killed in the next action. Now this ought not to happen more than once. Besides, bits of style keep cropping up. We are told, in the course of the attack on Fort Hattrass, how the pensive moon hid behind the black cloud, and how the "feathered tribe, that were wont in those warm nights of summer to melodize the breezes, retired far into the distant woods, there to tune their notes of sorrow. Mortal language," he goes on, "cannot array such a scene in its garb of blackest woe." Then we drop to the matter of fact remark that "some carcasses were thrown." Shipp was conscious plainly that he must be poetical, and like a right-minded young man he took the stock literary fine language

of his time. This does not affect the essential truth of his story, and the less because there is little or no trace of this self-consciousness when he is talking of his military life. This—the greater part of his book—is simple and excellent.

The story he has to tell is worth telling, and he himself worth knowing. To have been twice promoted from the ranks is of itself a kind of unique distinction. Shipp started in life as a workhouse boy at Saxmundham, just at the beginning of the great Revolutionary war. He tells in an eminently readable way how some wandering Sergeant Kite, with a recruiting party, gave him the scarlet fever at a very early age. How early it is not easy to say with confidence, since his statements as to his age do not agree with the parish register of Saxmundham, but probably at about twelve. The British army would not have him at those tender years, and he was left to play at soldiers for two or three years longer, which he did, to the neglect of his duty to his master, a farmer, to whom he had been hired by the parish. The farmer did not spare the rod; but it was to no purpose. Shipp would be a soldier, and at last he had his chance. In 1797 the Government decided to complete three weak regiments by enlisting boys of from ten to sixteen. It is curious to be reminded that we have actually put in practice the suggestion that we should train boys for the army which is sometimes made to-day. The regiment was the 22nd, and Shipp served in it as boy and man till he won a commission in 1805 by leading three successive forlorn-hopes at the siege of Bhurtpore. That event ought to console the scientific soldier when he isasperated by being told that the great thing in war is to go at them. Lord Lake went at Bhurtpore, and little good he got by it. He could not batter down gigantic mud walls with accipounders, and in successive storms he sent his men to useless slaughter, and was compelled at last to raise the siege, though he impressed the enemy so far that they agreed to a compromise in our favour politically. Shipp led three of the four storms, and was knocked about in all of them. Lake gave him first a pair of colours in the 65th, and then a lieutenant's commission in the 76th. With this regiment Shipp returned to England, witnessing a brush between one of the men-of-war of the convoy and a French 64 off Mauritius, which ended in the escape of the Frenchman. At home Shipp came to financial grief. "To say the truth," he remarks at a later period, "I do not know any class of people more deserving of money, or who can spend it in a more gentlemanlike manner, than soldiers." Poor Shipp spent his money in so gentlemanlike a manner that he was soon compelled to sell out to find the wherewithal to pay his debts. Then, with cheerful philosophy, he decided to rise again as he had risen before, and enlisted in the 24th Dragoons. With this regiment he returned to India, after a miserable passage under a martinet. He was soon made sergeant, then sergeant-major, and before long was promoted ensign in the 87th Foot. This career we note was, if nothing else, an answer to Napier's famous dictum that the British soldier fought in the cold shade of the aristocracy. Here was a British soldier who twice won a commission by the time he was thirty. With the 87th Shipp saw fighting in abundance in the war against Nepal, in the storm of Fort Hattrass, where he was first man in, and then as baggage-master of the left wing of the army which crushed those pests of India the Pindarees. At last came peace, and peace, as before, was ruinous to Shipp. He entered into some mysterious transactions about a horse with his colonel, and then, thinking himself ill-treated, plunged into a pamphleteering war with his superior, which ended in a court-martial and dismissal from the service. The dismissal was commuted into leave to retire, and Shipp came back to England to try his fortune. His memoirs were published to make a little money, and did prove moderately profitable. After a time old military friends helped him to the command of the night watch at Liverpool, where he proved an excellent police-officer. Finally, just before his death in 1833, he was elected to the mastership of the Liverpool Workhouse. Either half of his military career is interesting, but the second is the better. His single combat with the Ghoorka Sirdar, at Muckwarpore, was a pretty piece of fighting. Shipp describes with some humour how the Ghoorka's two shields—one hanging from the girdle, the other on the left arm—puzzled him; how he feinted at his enemy's toes, and then caught him under the chin, nearly cutting his head off, despatching him at a blow, as Lockhart's Scotch gentleman did the French major. There is considerable frankness in his account of the promptitude he showed, in the sack of Hattrass, in seizing a fine Persian horse, which he sold to the King of Oude, at Lucknow, for 2,000 rupees, thereby escaping the disappointment which fell on those who were compelled to wait for the distribution of the prize-money. On the great question of loot Shipp was thoroughly orthodox, and had the true sailor and soldier hatred of a prize agent. A great deal of human nature, too, may be found in the contrast between his dislike of flogging in the army (he had been sentenced to 99 lashes for desertion in Africa, but the penalty was not enforced), and his frank confession that, when he was baggage-master in the army formed to crush the Pindarees, he used the whip freely to make the camp-followers do their work. Mesty himself was not more candid. The man was obviously a thorough soldier. To questions of politics he was as utterly indifferent as Pierre himself. He left them to his superiors, and only cared for the bloody part of Indian life. He knew so little that he talks of a Brahmin soliciting alms in the name of "Ala." To such refinement as the difference between a Brahmin and a Mahomedan

\* *Memoirs of the Extraordinary Military Career of John Shipp, late a Lieutenant in His Majesty's 87th Regiment.* Written by himself. A new illustrated edition. With an Introduction by H. Manners Chichester. "Adventure Series." London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1890.



he was indifferent. They were all black heathens together, buried in superstition, worshipping stocks and stones. Yet what he could see of the natives he draws well. His rajahs and their fighting-men, the mob of camp-followers, and the ruffianly Pindarees, are vivaciously alive. Like many other brave men, he ingeniously confesses that the prospect of great danger disturbed him, and only claims that when in the midst of it his spirits rose to the occasion. He acknowledges that before going on the storming parties at Bhurtpore he prayed a good deal, and was conscious of nervousness. Like many other soldiers—and the best of them—he has an utter horror of the squalid miseries of war, and, in particular, of the suffering it entails on women and children. Yet he was a soldier to the marrow of his bones—a soldier, but not a bit of a general. Of strategy he neither knew nor cared aught. Again and again he stops to insist on the need for strict discipline, absolute obedience to orders, and a sharp look-out—to whatever, in fact, is the sphere of the subaltern and common soldier. Beyond it he does not look. Perhaps he was not, on that account, the less a good specimen of the men who drove the French from Spain and completed the conquest of India. That Shipp may fairly be said to have been, in spite of a certain “faconde,” which we are apt to think more un-English than it possibly is. It is to Shipp’s honour that he never disputed the justice of his sentence, and (strange praise for an Anglo-Indian) did not pose as a man with a grievance.

#### OLD YORKSHIRE.\*

MR. WILLIAM SMITH, in his preface, quotes some words from the review which appeared in the *Saturday Review* of the previous volume. We shall not retract anything then said as to the value of the work of the local antiquary or of the interest of *Old Yorkshire*; but it is the duty of the critic to warn as well as to praise, and we think that Mr. Smith will frankly acknowledge that some of his contributors have failed to deal adequately with the subjects they have undertaken. What can be the use of a biography of Dr. John Fisher which does not cover three pages and does not give a single reference? He is a worthy of whom Yorkshire may rightly be proud, not only as a founder of St. John’s College, Cambridge, but for the unflinching courage with which he opposed Henry VIII. If Mr. Smith wishes to see how the Life of the learned and pious Bishop of Rochester should be written, both for brevity and accuracy, he may with advantage consult the excellent notice contributed to the *Dictionary of National Biography* by W. J. Bass Mullinger. The recent “beatification” of Fisher by the Church of Rome, and the still more recent controversy about some part of his actions, in which Mr. Gladstone has been engaged, have given a fresh interest to the story of his career, and make one regret all the more that a perfunctory notice should be all that appears about him in *Old Yorkshire*. The volume opens with some pleasant gossip about Giggleswick and its worthies. Dr. Robert Collyer, who in his Transatlantic abode retains a fond affection for the old home, sends from New York some interesting transcripts from one of the privately printed books of the eccentric antiquary John Croft, S.A.S. The editor contributes a useful list of Yorkshire artists. Although this includes some whose claims to pictorial fame are not great, we miss the name of William Rushworth, the story of whose life is inscribed upon a gravestone in Brighouse churchyard, where the careless passer-by may read above a pious, but not poetical, verse these words:—“To the memory of William Rushworth, Artist, Brighouse, who departed this life September 29th, 1872, in the 32nd year of his age. When an infant he was found on a place called Rushworth Moor, and his parents, having never been discovered, the friends who took charge of him agreed to name him after the place where he was picked up.” Luckier than many deserted babes was this little waif, who fell into the hands of kindly Yorkshire friends instead of being sent to the workhouse. An artist connected with the county, though not a native of it, was George Stubbs, the author of the “Anatomy of the Horse,” etched from his own drawings. It was at Leeds that he learned from a house-painter the somewhat primitive art of etching on copper coins with sewing needles fixed in skewers. He painted racers—another link of sympathy with the county whose inhabitants are characteristically “horsey,” and was, perhaps, the first English artist who produced pictures of animals as they really are. A good account of him was written by the late Joseph Mayer, of Liverpool, and Mr. Smith should remember him in some future volume. Mr. Ross’s sketch of the family of Savile, in its legitimate and illegitimate branches, is interesting, and shows that more might be done to make genealogy popular. Mr. Alexander Paterson contributes a scholarly notice of Yorkshire journalism in the eighteenth century, which is illustrated by some facsimiles of early newspapers. The sketch of Professor (why “Professor”?) John Curwen shows, in a minor degree, the same vices we have already named in relation to the account of Bishop Fisher. Curwen was an interesting and a useful man, who has contributed much to the advancement of a knowledge and love of music amongst the masses of the English people. Mr. Taylor writes of him appreciatingly, but entirely omits to

give a reference to the *Memorials of John Curwen*, published in 1882. It is needless to go further into details. *Old Yorkshire* contains many views, portraits, and pictures, and much pleasant gossip. It can hardly be taken up without interest or laid down without profit; but its usefulness will be greatly increased if the editor will steadily insist upon a high standard, and impress upon all his contributors that no book of history or archaeology—even popular archaeology—is complete without ample and precise references to the best sources of further information.

#### THE STORY OF A HUNDRED YEARS.\*

MR. G. B. BARTON has compiled a valuable history of the mother-colony of all the Australian colonies. When New South Wales achieved its centennial birthday, the local Government wisely determined to celebrate the occasion by preparing at the public cost the story of its years of humiliation and ultimate triumph over unexampled difficulties, and retained the services of Mr. Barton to construct the story. A remarkable and wonderful story it is, and to be commended to the notice of readers who take pride in the exploits of their countrymen. Of the 600 pages which make up this first volume, there is not a single page that does not contain something of deep human interest—something new, oftentimes startling, and always instructive, in the social and political history of England during the century which has just closed. The work comes opportunely. It will confirm all true-hearted Englishmen in the belief that the integrity of this Empire cannot be imperilled either by lukewarm statesmen or adventurous politicians; it will not fail to rouse the indifferent and the timid, for it invests our Australian possessions with a new charm. It is hardly necessary to remind readers of the unexampled difficulties which the authorities had to contend with in establishing the convict colony of Botany Bay. The unhappy beings who first formed that penal settlement were not only grossly ignorant of the commonest industrial arts, to say nothing of the A B C, but they were also steeped in wickedness and hardened in all the cardinal sins. Who can help exclaiming with Lord Bacon, “It is a shameful and unblessed thing to take the scum of people and wicked condemned men with whom to plant”? if for no other reason than that such beings are liable to starvation in a new, unsettled country, having no wholesome wit, nor sufficient moral energy to cultivate the soil or grow the commonest foods; “gardeners, ploughmen, labourers, smiths, carpenters, joiners, fishermen, fowlers, with some few apothecaries, surgeons, cooks, and bakers” are the men to plant with, and to be carefully selected. The selection, however, for our first Australian colony was left in the hands of the gaolers, who picked out the men and women they wished to get rid of. It is essential to a right understanding of what as a nation we did a hundred years ago in planting our first Australian colonies with convicts—and with convicts such as our laws then made—some of whom, we may be tolerably sure, were more sinned against than sinning; while it is probable that many innocent persons were transported; and perhaps the great majority of the guilty were not criminals of the deepest dye. We are not to wonder, therefore, that many of the early convicts subsequently rose to social distinction, and not a few to opulence and power.

How the most important lands discovered by Captain Cook came to be turned into penal settlements may be read in Mr. Barton’s pages. It has been thought by some that the Imperial Government were moved to the formation of a great colony in what was then known as New Holland for the purpose of providing new homes for the faithful Royalists who suffered so many indignities at the hands of the rebels of North America during and after the War of Independence; while others, again, have imagined that in sending convicts to Botany Bay the British were simply throwing dust in the eyes of the French to keep them from seeing the real motive of the British occupation of Australia. Mr. Barton sweeps away these surmises, and shows indubitably that the cause of planting ourselves as we did on the flower-besprent land of Botany Bay was the hideous and horrible condition of our gaols.

In brief, Mr. Barton by his *History of New South Wales* has laid the foundation for a new history of England, in which will be set forth how the progress of the mother-country has been co-existent with the growth of her colonies, and how the permanent greatness of both is interdependent on each other. There is as great a difference between the England of to-day and the England of 1790 as there is between the time when elemental forces were at work in constructing the materials of Australia’s future wealth and greatness. The traveller who looks down from the summit of Mount Gambier upon the dark-blue waters of the lake below, sheltered from rude winds by terraced walls on which the grass grows as smooth and green as on an English lawn, may find it hard to realize the fact that he stands on the edge of a volcano, and that the scene of silent beauty on which he gazes was once a scene of raging fire. Equally hard to realize is the fact that only a single century separates us from the time when

\* *History of New South Wales from the Records.* By G. B. Barton, of the Middle Temple. Vol. I.—Governor Phillip, 1783–1789. By Authority. Sydney: the Government Printer; London: Trubner & Co.

\* *Old Yorkshire.* Edited by William Smith, F.S.A.S. London: Longmans & Co.

every British settler in Australia, from its Governor down to the poorest wretch who was languishing in irons, was expecting to be starved to death through the non-arrival of the periodical provision ships from home.

#### WALLACE.\*

NO one will greatly blame a Scotchman for sometimes allowing his national enthusiasm to get the better of his judgment when writing a Life of William Wallace. It is likely enough that the Rev. Charles Rogers would handle any other historical subject in a critical spirit; the names of Wallace and Edward are too much for his equanimity. His first volume was mainly devoted to genealogical and biographical notices of persons of every rank of life who have borne the name of Wallace; his present volume records the deeds of the hero himself. Both are in all respects beautifully got up, and present evidences of careful work. The story of Wallace's career, which is now before us, is, indeed, somewhat injured by the minute treatment accorded to collateral details; we lose sight of the patriot for many pages, and when he reappears he does so incidentally. Of course this is in one sense the most appropriate mode of writing about him. As far as history is concerned, he comes suddenly before us in 1297, fills a large place in the affairs of his country until his overthrow at Falkirk in the next year, and then virtually disappears until immediately before his capture and execution. Not even Dr. Rogers's industry has been able to discover more than one or two notices of him, of a kind which an historian will accept, during this last period. He certainly was in France for some time, and he was back in Scotland towards the end of 1302, living an outlaw's life "in mores and mairis," Langtoft says, and supporting himself and his followers by the only means possible to a broken man. Romance, of course, supplies a mass of incidents, but Dr. Rogers has wisely been chary of using them. At the same time his method of dealing with purely romantic stories does not wholly satisfy us; he knows that Blind Harry the Minstrel is not worth quoting as far as historical value is concerned, that his assertions need not be considered unless they are more or less corroborated by some trustworthy authority. Yet he cannot put him altogether aside, nor does he give, as he might well have done, a treatise in an appendix on the Wallace of romance, and keep his narrative free from everything unhistorical. When he wants one of the Minstrel's stories to fill a gap he inserts it, and, though he does not ask his readers to accept it as an undoubted fact, he gravely discusses its character; a certain particular, he says, must be untrue, while another may very likely have happened, though he knows that there is not one tittle of historical evidence for any part of the story. Such discussions are rather puerile, and are certainly out of place in a narrative. Nor will some of Dr. Rogers's remarks on the credibility of contemporary chroniclers commend themselves to his readers. Why, they will ask, are they on his *ipse dixit* to believe that Walter of Hemingburgh's narrative of the pillaging of Hexham Priory by the Scots is "evidently fictitious," or that Langtoft's assertion that Wallace was taken "through treason of Jack Short his man" is "probably fictitious"? If Dr. Rogers will look up the account of Hexham, in Dugdale's *Monasticon*, he will see that Hemingburgh's narrative is confirmed—though it needs no confirmation—by a charter granted by Edward I., on account of the destruction of the charters and muniments of the convent by the Scots in 1297, while he himself records the payment of sixty marks to a serving-man who acted as spy on Wallace.

Dr. Rogers's first chapter on the relations between the Crowns of England and Scotland is chiefly based on Robertson's objections to Dr. Freeman's treatment of the question. Now Robertson, as all who understand the points at issue know, though a distinguished scholar, was worsted in that amicably conducted dispute, and his arguments do not gain by the shape in which they are presented here. Dr. Rogers adopts his master's least fortunate theory; his suggestion that the notice in the *Saxon Chronicle* of the commendation to Edward the Elder is unworthy of credit. If we are to reject the assertions of the *Chronicle*, of Florence, and of Symeon of Durham, whenever they strike us as improbable, there is an end at once of all laws of historical evidence. We cannot but think that Dr. Rogers has been content to accept Robertson's guidance without sufficient study of what has been said on the other side. It is neither safe nor fair to put words into Dr. Freeman's mouth which he never uttered, and he expressly warns his readers (*Norman Conquest*, i. 613) that he does not maintain that the commendation took place at Bakewell. A little independent study would, we think, have shown Dr. Rogers that it is unsafe to build anything on an attempt to identify the Ragnald mentioned in the *Chronicle*, and still more on the date there assigned to the commendation; for, as may be seen by a reference to Symeon and Roger of Hoveden, the year of the commendation was probably stated in the Northumbrian *Gesta* as 921, not 924. We are at a loss to understand what he means by saying that he does "not discover that English sovereigns exacted homage from Scottish kings earlier than in 1126." Malcolm Canmore did homage to the Conqueror at Abernethy, and renewed this homage to Rufus. It is true that

in 1091 he seems to have implied that his homage was due to Lothian only, and no doubt each party put its own construction on the act. That it was held in England that the Scottish king owed homage for Scotland itself is illustrated by an incident which seems to have escaped the observation even of Mr. Freeman. Hugh the Chantor in his History of four Archbishops of York relates that Archbishop Turstin showed Honorius II. that the Scottish King "de Scotia hominem esse regis Anglie," and that the Pope, the proper authority on such matters, accepted the doctrine. After the short period during which the dependence of the Scottish crown was expressly acknowledged, the bargain between Richard I. and William the Lion remitted the question to its old state of uncertainty. Henry III. more than once demanded homage for the kingdom, and the Scottish kings refused it, though in 1255 he interfered in the domestic affairs of Scotland in a way which certainly looks like an exercise of superiority. These and other such matters have an important bearing on Edward's demand for the acknowledgment of his overlordship. In much of what he says about Edward Dr. Rogers is certainly unfair. The King was invited by the Bishop of St. Andrews to prevent bloodshed in Scotland, and by the Seven Earls to adjudicate on the succession, and at Norham he only required an acknowledgment of a superiority which he believed to be rightfully his. As regards his decision we are told that he "gave judgment in favour of Baliol solely as a matter of policy." Which of the other candidates does Dr. Rogers think should have been preferred? If Edward's sole aim was to weaken the Scots, would he not have approved the plea that the kingdom was divisible? The question of the Scottish appeals to the court of the overlord cannot be disposed of satisfactorily by vague talk about "oppression" and an "aggressive policy"; the right of hearing appeals was the legal consequence of Edward's superiority. He did not begin the war wantonly. Baliol allied himself with his enemies, and the Scots struck the first blow by invading Cumberland—a fact of which we have not found any notice here. The execution of Wallace was surely not an "unwarranted slaughter." Although personally he had never sworn to accept Edward as his lord, the rulers of his country had done so; he chose to take a different line, and had to bear the consequences. Sorely tried as Edward's patience was by the constant outbreaks of men who had sworn to be faithful to him, he made repeated offers of pardon to the rebellious Scots. Others accepted these offers; Wallace rejected them; he persisted in levying war against the King, and in doing him and those who obeyed him all the mischief which lay in his power. We may admire his courage and his abilities; we may appreciate the greatness of his work, and may see that the spirit of patriotism which finally overcame all the efforts of the English to conquer Scotland was largely due to his resistance to Edward; that in one sense the field of Bannockburn was won at the Battle of Stirling. We may regret that Edward put such a man to death; but, at the same time, we cannot see what else he could have done with him. Dr. Rogers's indignation leads him to make some ill-judged attempts to belittle the King; he sneers more than once, for example, at his religion, which, from all that we know of him, seems to have been sincere and of a decidedly manly kind. It is a mistake to estimate men's characters and actions by any other standard than that of the time in which they lived. Judged by that standard, Edward's conduct with reference to Scotland does not appear to have been discreditable to him. Looking back on his reign with the light of later history, we may consider that his policy was mistaken, and must rejoice that the union of Scotland came about in a different way to that which he proposed; but to say that his ambition was "unworthy" simply shows an inability to comprehend what was worthy of a king of the thirteenth century.

#### THE TELEPHONE.\*

AS soon as the laws of electric induction were ascertained it only required the application of the principles of sound and speech to produce an apparatus which has reached maturity with singular rapidity. The history of practical telephony since its initiation by Graham Bell has yet to be written; a work involving more patience and research than appears on the surface, by reason of the various modifications and theories, the conflicting of national prejudices and patent rights. From an estimate in the book before us there are probably about a quarter of a million telephones now in use throughout the West of Europe, not one of which was constructed at Midsummer of 1877. Yet in the early years of the Royal Society, long before Hanksbee and others had begun to note any of the phenomena afterwards known as electric, we find Hooke writing, "Tis not impossible to hear a whisper at a furlong's distance, it having already been done. . . . It has not yet been thoroughly examin'd how far Otacoustics may be improv'd, nor what other ways there may be of quick'ning our hearing or conveying sound through other bodies than the air; for that that is not the only medium I can assure the reader that I have by the help of a distended wire propagated the sound to a very considerable distance in an instant."

The word telephone appears to have been first used by Watson as the name of a non-electric instrument invented by him

\* *The Book of Wallace*. By the Rev. Charles Rogers, D.D., LL.D., Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland, &c. 2 vols. Vol. II. Edinburgh: printed for the Grampian Club.

\* *The Telephone*. By W. H. Preece, F.R.S., and Julius Maier, Ph.D. London: Whittaker.



in 1821. The first direct step towards the modern apparatus was in 1837, when sounds were heard from a magnetic bar which had been exposed to rapid alternate magnetization and demagnetization. In 1854 M. Bourseul, as quoted by Du Moncel, wrote:—"It is certain that in a more or less distant future speech will be transmitted by electricity." Philip Reis, of Friedrichsdorf, afterwards invented a "telephone" which, though specially intended for reproducing musical sounds, was essentially a form of the present instrument. Herr Reis, in 1868, describes his invention as "an apparatus by which it is possible to make clear and distinct the functions of the organs of hearing, but in which also one can produce tones of all kinds at any desired distance by means of the galvanic current." The musical telephone was improved by six or seven different scientists, but the speaking telephone proper was only patented in 1876 by Graham Bell, of Edinburgh and Montreal, whose energy and skill in perfecting the system have indissolubly linked his name to the great result. It was the working of this instrument that Sir William Thomson, after an adequate personal trial through a wire between New York and Canada, characterized before the British Association as "the greatest by far of all the marvels of the electric telegraph." Sir William's reduction of the invention to a formula is noteworthy, as a realization of "the mathematical conception that, if electricity is to convey all the delicacies of quality which distinguish articulate speech, the strength of the current must vary continuously, as nearly as may be, in simple proportion to the velocity of a particle of air engaged in constituting the sound."

The essential parts of the telephone are naturally two—the transmitter, into which one speaks in order to send a message, and the receiver, at the other end of the wire, where his correspondent listens. The former only of these two has undergone modification since 1876; Edison, for example, using a button of carbon for the vibrating plate to abut against. Afterwards, Hughes is reported to have "done as much for the perfection of the telephone as Bell did towards calling it into existence." Whatever be the mechanism of the transmitter or other details, the actual task or function of the apparatus is to transmit harmonic vibrations electrically. Thus the words spoken have their sonorous vibrations transformed into periodic currents, which at the end of the line are re-transformed into sound and become audible. The telephone, though the latest proof of the identity of natural forces which formerly seemed to have nothing in common, is perhaps the most marvellous. The successive effects developed mechanically in speaking are but trifling; yet, when the energy of each assumes the form of an electric wave, it finally changes into sound after passing through several hundred miles of absolute silence. The movements of the electric membrane in the transmitter, caused by the sound vibrations of the speaker, cause corresponding changes in the distribution of the magnetic lines of force, and these induce currents of ever-changing intensity, which are faithfully reconverted into sonorous vibrations by the coil of the receiver.

In Messrs. Prece and Maier's book most of the space is occupied with practical details and instructions. Not only are the different parts of the mechanism discussed, historically and technically, but their comparative efficiency is stated, and full reasons given. There are also chapters on special telephones; auxiliary apparatus used in the installation of stations, both terminal and intermediate; the different systems of telephone exchanges—British, German, French, Swiss, &c.; multiplex and long-distance telephony, and other points of interest in electrical engineering.

It is in Germany that the application of the telephone to the telegraph service has been utilized most simply and successfully. Over four thousand telegraph stations are reported to have telephonic communication—namely, when they are near, the more distant stations being more economically served by the original wire. With regard to military operations the telephone has not proved so useful as was at first anticipated. The objections to its use on the field still leave much scope for its employment in standing camps and carrying out much of the routine work of military service. In field telegraphy, also, the telephone has done good service as a receiver—e.g. in Egypt and Bechuanaland. In Germany it has been utilized for rifle-practice, especially when a company has to fire simultaneously with ball cartridges at a line of targets representing the enemy.

A striking proof of the delicacy of the telephone arises from its application both in medical science and physiological research. In one form it records the faintest pulsations, beating of the heart or arteries. In another when applied to a muscle it becomes an excellent myophone, "indicating the normal muscular sound, and when contraction takes place the characteristic rumbling noise." The telephone, also, becomes a sensitive measurer of the acuteness of hearing by means of an electric tuning-fork and two cords in unison with it; while a fourth cord, using an induction balance, has been applied to discover the position of a bullet within a human body.

Telephony, according to the evidence in the book before us, has been more successful in the United States than in England, though the taxes and restrictions in the former are greater. The size of London is itself a serious obstacle, because it necessitates a number of exchanges or telephonic centres. Of these there are already over twenty, with more than five thousand instruments in connexion; but the number of exchanges is likely to be reduced with benefit to the system as a whole.

As a manual, the present work seems likely to be of use to those who desire a knowledge of what telephony really means as an art, without mastering the abstruse points in the science of electricity. The authors show discretion in avoiding certain details, as well as in their treatment of what they have selected as essential to their aim. The book is well printed, fully illustrated with woodcuts, and concludes with a good index of thirteen pages.

#### NOVELS.\*

WITH an interesting heroine, whose lot is extremely pitiable, *Audrey* makes an instant appeal to the soft-hearted reader. The story is one of the slightest that was ever spun into three volumes; yet, for all its slightness, it cannot be said to be tedious. The Deceased Wife's Sister who presides over the destinies of Audrey is too actively present in the story to permit our sympathy for her victim to slumber. She it is who has doomed the unhappy Audrey from infancy to rebellious nineteen to be mewed in a lonely Cumberland house, with no society but a crusty, indolent, old guardian widower, full of imaginary ailments, and a scolding old servant, who bullies the poor girl with benevolent intent the long day through. Kept rustically at home, Audrey yearns for freedom. At the opening of the story she is a pretty, wayward, ignorant Broughtonian miss, who scales walls to escape the vigilant housekeeper, strolls away over the fells, and overtakes the young village doctor, who is mightily smitten of her beauty. Had he been a man of action, he could have won the fair creature; but he delayed matters, in his leisurely, country way, till his chance was taken from him by the arrival of Audrey's second guardian, a shrewd, good-looking lawyer, with the saintly name of Lawrence. It is a little odd, by the way, that this much-tyrannized young lady should have two guardians appointed to her while both her parents were yet alive. That she was too much governed was all through the Deceased Wife's Sister. In the moonlight she and Lawrence discuss ways and means, and, so affected is she by his kindness, he is terribly afraid she is about to cry. "He had never seen a girl cry," this experienced young lawyer, and his spirit was shaken at the prospect. But she does not cry, and is only determined to run away to London. And, when the old termagant of a servant begins to chatter about the impropriety of visiting the young country doctor, she takes train to London, is met by Lawrence, and consigned by him to the care of "the nicest woman of his acquaintance," who lives at Campden Hill, where so many nice people live. At Miss Harrington's she enjoys her new life—"such lots of people, as the books say"—and from that guardian angel she hears the story of her father and the Deceased Wife's Sister, her mother. They married in Australia, and in course of time he became heir to a rich uncle in England, who urged him to separate from his wife that he should inherit the property. "And my father agreed?" exclaimed Audrey, with a flash of scorn leaping into her eyes. "Yes, it came to that at last," said Miss Harrington. "My father! He broke my mother's heart, then," the indignant girl remarked, which is, of course, what would have happened if the novelist were not under the spell of the Deceased Wife's Sister, whereas the lady found consolation in marrying another man, who took her out to India. How she managed this, being a married woman already in Australia, we are not told, though we are not surprised to find, when the affectionate Audrey discovers her, that she is a contemptible creature, still ready to sacrifice her daughter, and fearful of being found in her company. Fortunately for the spirited Audrey, who at once spurns the assistance of guardians and all concerned in the unworthy compact, the arrival of a wealthy Australian admirer of her mother restores her to enviable independence. In her new position as the heiress of this person there is one drawback that threatens her happiness, and skillfully is the suspense of it prolonged by the author. The scrupulous Lawrence, now that she is nobody's ward and somebody's heiress, neglects her so far that he very nearly plays into the hand of the pertinacious country doctor, for whom she cares nothing. In the end it all comes right, though it is by a mere chance. Indeed, a luckier lawyer than this Lawrence we have never met in fiction.

*John Bolt* is one of those stories that are still beginning, never ending. After one volume and a half have been devoted to the adventures of the hero, we start afresh with "Here our story again commences. It is a fine summer morning, &c." At this point John Bolt should be a battered septuagenarian, such is the impression the history of his exploits leaves with us; but, in fact, he is ten times more vigorous than when he was employed

\* *Audrey*. By Margery Hollis. 3 vols. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1890.

*John Bolt*. By R. W. Lodwick. 2 vols. London: Digby & Long. 1890.

*Caste and Creed*. By Mrs. F. Penny. 2 vols. London: White & Co. 1890.

*Having and Holding*. By J. E. Panton. 3 vols. London: Trishler & Co. 1890.

*The Lust of the Macallisters*. By Amelia E. Barr. London: Clarke & Co. 1890.

*A Willing Exile*. By André Raffalovich. London: White & Co. 1890.

in the Indian Civil Service shooting tigers or enjoying hair-breadth escapes in the days of the Mutiny. At Haileybury, some ten years before the Mutiny, John Bolt was a gay and careless student, fonder of gun and dogs than of mathematics and Oriental languages. His reformation is effected by a young lady and a small terrier. On one of his sporting excursions he saves the terrier from certain destruction from the jaws of his bull-terriers, and becomes engaged to the grateful and beautiful Gertrude Clavering, "who took young Bolt by storm at once," and was herself taken by his gallant demeanour. Henceforth he took to his books, with a wet handkerchief about his head, drank much strong tea and coffee, "passed by the skin of his teeth," went to India, and there slew wild beasts in the jungle. There also he met the man who was to rob him of his Gertrude, a certain Captain Douglas, who is described as "an Adonis" of the irresistible kind. On a visit to India Douglas meets and fascinates the fair Gertrude. It was a case of Caesar's Thracian brag over again. He came, he saw, he conquered. Quite useless was the awful warning of a certain maiden aunt, who told Gertrude the lamentable story of her experience of the faithless father of the Douglas. If, as this excellent lady said, the father of Captain Douglas was a false, mercenary man, the son was certainly as bold and bad as he. But the aunt had not reckoned with the resourceful Adonis. Under an assumed name he cunningly took passage in the very steamer that was to convey the distracted Gertrude, with her chaperon, to the lovesick Bolt. Once on board, all was plainest sailing to the hardy Douglas. He managed to drug the unwary chaperon, out of sheer exuberance of villainy, it would seem; then he made love to Gertrude, and took her to Colombo, where they were married. Nothing was left to the despairing Bolt but to take up hard work and slay more wild beasts, until some ten years later, after performing prodigies of valour in the year of Mutiny, he met the dying and penitent Gertrude, who left her only daughter in his charge. Douglas, the wicked and wily Adonis, had been shot by his own Sepoys, and his wife had fled to die in the wretched hut where Bolt found her. And here the story begins anew, exactly where it should end. Undeterred by the past, and with no maiden aunt at hand with wholesome counsel, in the fullness of time Bolt marries the second Gertrude. History repeats itself. Gertrude's reckless, yet innocent, flirtation with a gay and handsome lord leads at length to a scene like that between Lord Steyne and Rawdon Crawley. The scene leads to a separation; the separation ends in reconciliation, and John Bolt dies an edifying, though by no means premature, death.

*Caste and Creed* is a story suggested to the author by her observations of Eurasian life in the Madras Presidency. Though baptized into the Christian faith, says Mrs. Penny, the Eurasians are exposed to great temptations through their heathen relations. From *Caste and Creed* it would seem that the chief of these temptations is the gorgeous pageantry of the "heathen" religious festivals, compared with which the "simple Christian worship appears cold and unattractive." Mrs. Penny's story, however, does not greatly move our pity for the Eurasians who are thus tempted. Donald Anderson, a well-to-do merchant, is embarrassed one day by finding, among the presents made to him by a zemindar who was trading with him, a beautiful girl some ten years of age. Never had such a thing happened to him, and "his upright, Presbyterian nature rebelled against the situation." At the earnest request of the old woman in charge of the girl, he dismissed them to the care of a worthy native in his employ. The child is educated and grows up a perfect houri. After some years the merchant meets her, and is astounded at the transformation. "My love!" he cries, "my beautiful lotus-flower! you shall never leave me." And then he does that which would once have "filled him with horror"—he married her, "married one of India's daughters." Yet she was exquisitely beautiful, and her features "as regular as those of a Grecian woman." They have an only daughter, who is sent away by the judicious father to be educated in England, and returns one day a finished young lady, more beautiful than her mother, with a "skin of the palest cream colour, and her cheeks the most delicate crimson, like one of Millais's beautiful women." Anderson has determined that the lovely Zelma should not see too much of her mother. He is mean enough to allow his old prejudices to revive; and his attitude towards his "native wife" contrasts disagreeably with the daughter's feeling for her "native mother." There is a sad dull prig, one Percy Bell, who has the impertinence to lecture Zelma when he finds her conversing, in her own room, with a Brahmin cousin. "I take the liberty," remarked this pompous young ass, "as an Englishman, of being angry at the presence of that young Brahmin in your private room." It is marvellous that Zelma can endure the pragmatic Bell for a moment; and we almost regret the failure of the Brahmin's plot to tempt Zelma to naughty heathenish practices and her mother's religion. As it is, he rescues her in a temple where she is detained against her will; and marries her in the end, magnanimously unmindful of his prejudices with regard to "natives."

*Having and Holding* is no exception to the general dreariness of the novel of politics, though its pictures of political circles are marked by more than ordinary vigour of fancy. The most pleasing and successful portions of Mrs. Panton's story deal with life in an agricultural district during an electioneering contest for a borough seat. The election, its incidents, and the canvassing are all described in lively terms. The Liberal candidate, a rather colour-

less person, wins what was for long a Tory stronghold, though it is clear he owed more to his agents than his own eloquence. When he first meets Miss Jacinth Merriwell, a young lady of vast ambition and Conservative views, he observes, "I see you despise me for being a Liberal; but I assure you we are nice when you know us." Nice or not, Miss Merriwell thinks it would be nice to marry him, which she does, and becomes Lady William Peterfield, wife of a Cabinet Minister. In all this, it might be thought, was the realization of the wildest dreams of a penniless girl. But Lady William had a soul above content. Perhaps she had been reading a fascinating romance by Mr. George Meredith, and was perversely emulative, when she stole what she thought to be a very important secret document, being bribed by a "Society" journalist, one of her old admirers, and a political opponent of the Ministry. The incident, as set forth by Mrs. Panton, is one of the most famous inventions the experienced novel-reader can recall. The manner of the theft, the use made of it, the meeting of the lady and the journalist in the editorial office, the pursuit of the lady by the Duke, her father-in-law, their flight to Paris by a back-door; these are absurdities entirely outdone by the crowning absurdity of the weeping Lady William, taken once more to the magnificent arms of her lord.

From studies of political life, as it is supposed to be, it is a pure joy to turn to the old familiar methods of romance, and the romance of history, as they are illustrated in Mrs. Barr's spirited story of the Highlands during the '45. *The Last of the Macallisters* is decidedly not faultless. It is disdainful, indeed, of historical accuracy, and often ignores history altogether, as a romancer may do at his will. Nor does the story respect the antiquarian spirit in the least, while it were easy to point out that in several small matters the author's presentation of life in the Highlands during the second Jacobite rising is incorrect. But it is the spirit, not the array of dry yet accurate detail, that is the life of romance. There is no want of atmosphere and colour and movement in Mrs. Barr's story. The Glasgow lawyer Fraser, whose native caution is constantly struggling with his Jacobite sympathies, is an excellent study, while the chief of the Macallisters, his two sons, and the rest of the characters are persuasively presented.

*A Willing Exile* is an extremely mawkish production. There is scarcely any story in the two volumes, little indeed but a number of sympathetic sketches of a kind of person who, whether married or not, is chiefly absorbed in the contemplation of his own beauty and habiliments. The music-halls are the only excitement they or their wives appear to relish. They are all about as interesting as wax-dolls. Cyprian may be taken as a type. "He had the neatest and most vacuous features, languishing blue eyes and a faint manner." He was most distinguished from his fellows by his eyelids, which he worked in an exasperating way, "sometimes like a heavenward Madonna, sometimes they drooped." He was much occupied with his clothes and "male fashions" and his own sweet face in the mirror. Marriage does not improve this sort of gilded youth. "Cyprian's cult for his own looks, the respect he felt for his rosy complexion and his neat features, increased instead of diminished." And two volumes of this sickly stuff represent Mr. Raffalovich's notion of a novel.

#### WORK.\*

THIS large quarto volume of nearly nine hundred pages of three columns per page is a vast and very valuable repository of information as to the practical and ornamental, or minor, arts. Within a very few years there have been so widely disseminated and earnestly cultivated that there can be no doubt that the time is coming when, as in certain American States and in Hungary, instruction in them will form a part of all public-school education. What was not long ago mere shop-work is now, thanks to increasing culture, gradually becoming artifice, while the once-despised "fancy-work" of ladies is rapidly rising, not only to higher beauty, but to solid usefulness. Wax fruit, sealing-wax coral, and potichomanie are being supplanted by wood-carving, repoussé, mosaic, and useful leather-work, and if design is as yet in a very shaky condition in all of these, there is at least a very satisfactory progress as regards utility, and what a German understands by earnestness. To all devotees of such pursuits, whether professional or amateur, this *Work* will be worth much more than its price; for there are very few mechanical or technical pursuits which are not very fully described in it here and there, "up to date," with details of the most recent discoveries or improvements in them.

The contents of the first number indicate the character of the whole. We find in it an article on "Fret Cutting," "The Burned Battery," "A Chat about Furniture," "Circular Saw Rigs for the Lathe, by a foreman pattern-maker," "Sign-writing and Lettering," being the first of an excellent series of papers on the subject, and "The Kaleidoscope, its Construction and Application": also an introduction to subsequent chapters. The Editorial Guide to Good Things" describes in brief, but practically, a number of new or useful inventions. The illustrations are copious, and generally so well designed and engraved as to merit special commendation. Such, for instance, are the patterns for

\* *Work: an Illustrated Magazine of Practice and Theory for all Workmen, Professional and Amateur.* Edited by Francis Young. From March 23, 1889, to March 15, 1890. London: Cassell & Co.



Wood Carving by F. Miller and an excellent series of articles on Papier-Maché by Sylvanus Ward, who has, however, by no means exhausted the subject, and who gives a somewhat disproportionate amount of dessert to his *pièce de résistance*; we would say, to the art of gilding and decorating rather than to the papier-maché itself and the methods of moulding or making it. What he imparts is, however, valuable and thorough.

There are in Great Britain in the classes connected with the Home Arts and Industries Association alone, as we are informed, more than eight thousand pupils, and there is probably not a teacher of these who could not learn something in *repoussé*, wood-carving, or similar arts from *Work*, which would be practically useful; the same being, of course, true of such teachers or pupils anywhere. Something new crops up in every branch every day, be it in turning wood, photography, staining metals, gesso-work, fumes, varnishes, polishing, veneering, piano-making, gilding, hydraulic motors, or illuminating, be it on parchment or by electricity; and *Work* gives us not only the novelties, but in all cases solid instruction, in these arts. It is a curious reflection, but soundly true, that there is not a person of ordinary average intelligence and strength living who could not learn from this or a similar work—and there are others not inferior to it for this purpose—how in a short time to make a living. And if this be true, it might be a matter deserving serious consideration whether such collections, in a classified or well-arranged form, might not be in some way more widely disseminated among the people.

#### "MATTHEW OF WESTMINSTER."\*

AFTER the pseudo-Ingulf's History of Croyland, few chronicles, probably, have so vexed the soul of the historical student as the *Flores Historiarum* attributed to "Matthew of Westminster." The cases, it is true, are not exactly parallel. There was an Ingulf, but the history attributed to him is spurious. The *Flores Historiarum*, on the other hand, is a genuine work but, in the present state of our knowledge, it may be taken that there was no "Matthew of Westminster." Dr. Luard, to whom students are already much indebted for his edition of the *Chronica Majora* of Matthew Paris, and for his investigations into its origin and its relations to Roger of Wendover, is continuing his services to medieval history by grappling with the kindred subject of "Matthew of Westminster." The conclusions at which he has arrived are, briefly, these:—The name of "Matthew of Westminster" rests entirely on the authority of the title affixed to the Norwich MS., which was written probably at the beginning of the fifteenth century for Bishop Henry Spencer of Norwich. "Incipit prologus," so runs the initial rubric, "in librum qui Flores Historiarum intitulatur, secundum Matheum monachum Westmonasteriensem." On the strength of this, one expert, Sir Thomas Hardy, was inclined to cling to the accepted name, in the hope that some evidence may yet be found for the existence of such a person. But Dr. Luard thinks that "we may dismiss the name as entirely imaginary"—a combination of the idea of Matthew Paris, on whose work the author of the *Flores* based his compilation, with the idea of Westminster Abbey, which had come into possession of the earliest MS. of the *Flores*. In this view Dr. Luard agrees with Sir Frederick Madden, though he rejects his opinion that the real author was Matthew Paris himself, abridging his own *Chronica Majora*. The names of other suggested authors are mentioned only to be rejected:—

I am afraid that the author's name must remain for ever unknown, as seems to have been his own wish. It is likely enough that he obtained the help of Paris for what he was abridging and altering in his great work, and, as I have stated above, I think that the Chetham MS. bears evidence of this in very trifling corrections, letters introduced, or marginal notes in Paris's own handwriting. The idea of Sir F. Madden that at least the earlier portion was executed at St. Alban's for the use of the monks of Westminster, as some passages are given relating to Westminster which are not in the Greater Chronicle, seems to me very probable.

The portion from 1265 to 1306 was composed after the MS. had been removed from St. Alban's to Westminster, where it was continued from time to time by various persons, probably monks of Westminster. After this removal, several passages in the earlier portion were erased, and entries relative to Westminster were written over the erasures. "From 1307 to 1325 the chronicle is of an entirely different character, and was certainly written by Robert of Rending, to whom it is ascribed at the end. Of him nothing is known, but that he was a monk of Westminster, who died in 1325, as we learn from the work itself." This part will now be printed for the first time. Finally, some other Westminster monk compiled a continuation as far as 1326, leaving off with the acceptance of Edward III. as King.

As to the source of the work, the portion printed in the present volume is taken from the corresponding part of the *Chronica Majora* of Matthew Paris, itself derived from the original compilation of St. Alban's, which is the basis of the chronicles both of Wendover and Paris. This groundwork, as we may call it, Dr. Luard has already attributed to John de Cella, twenty-first

abbot of St. Alban's. Of the sources of the subsequent parts we may wait to speak till we have before us the other volumes, with Dr. Luard's promised remarks upon the original and independent element in the *Flores Historiarum*.

Judging from the number of extant MSS., and from the use made of it by later compilers, the *Flores Historiarum* has been of all English chronicles the most popular. The greater part of it (as far as 1307) has been already three times printed, the first edition being issued by Archbishop Parker in 1567. Those who have read Dr. Luard's prefaces to the volumes of the *Chronica Majora* know full well that Archbishop Parker, or whomsoever he employed, had peculiar notions of the duties and rights of an editor. His chief sins in the case of Matthew of Westminster seem to have been committed in his second edition, that of 1570, in which he patched the text, not only with bits of Matthew Paris and other recognizable writers, but with interpolations derived from sources which even the industry of Dr. Luard has as yet been unable to discover. It is worth knowing that the statement that Bishop Grosseteste was born "in villa de Strodroke" (Stradbroke in Suffolk), which has been hitherto supposed to rest on the authority of "Matthew of Westminster," is really an addition for which Parker is responsible, and which, therefore, until the origin of Parker's statements is discovered, rests on no authority at all.

Such passages of the *Flores* as bear upon German history have been extracted and edited from the MSS. by Dr. Liebermann in *Monumenta Germanie Historica*, vol. xxviii. But when Dr. Luard's edition is completed, we shall for the first time have the whole genuine text, with the hitherto unprinted continuation by Robert of Rending. The portion printed in this present volume is inevitably not in itself of great interest. One knows what to expect in a thirteenth-century account of events from the Creation to the Conquest; and this compilation, being founded almost entirely on Matthew Paris, does not present much novelty. But yet let not the student rashly conclude, as he glances over the pages, that there is nothing but what he has seen elsewhere. Some few things there are the source of which Dr. Luard has not yet identified. In the account of the battle of Hastings there is an original, or, at least, an untraced, element of some interest, including a statement that the Conqueror was received with satisfaction by the English. Another point to which the editor calls attention ought to be valuable to "folklorists." They, of course, are already familiar with William of Malmesbury's story of the men and women in Saxony who, on Christmas Eve, in spite of the remonstrances of the officiating priest, would dance and sing secular songs in the churchyard during mass, and who, in consequence of his curse, went on involuntarily dancing and singing for a twelvemonth. This was taken from William of Malmesbury by Matthew Paris, and from him by the compiler of the *Flores*. But one MS. of this last adds to the mention of their "seculares cantilenas," "Cantus eorum talis erat: 'Equitabat Bovo per silvam frondosam; ducebat sibi Merswynden formosam; quid stamus, cur non imus?'" Here we evidently have in Latinized form a genuine bit of a popular ballad, and we see some old heathen celebration of Yule struggling to hold its own against the Christmas of the Church.

#### PHYSIOLOGICAL BOTANY.\*

THE first edition of Asa Gray's *Botanical Text-book* appeared in 1842, contemporaneously with the demise of the theories of humus and vital force, and four years before the word "protoplasm" was invented by Hugo von Mohl. The fifth edition appeared in 1857. The sixth, the second volume of which is now before us, is being entirely rewritten. In the earlier editions the subject was divided into Structure, Physiology, and System; but recent developments, especially in cryptogamic botany, have made it necessary to recast the whole work, and divide it into separate volumes, each constituting a distinct treatise. The first, by Asa Gray himself, on Structural Botany, was noticed in these columns ten years ago. The second is Professor Goodale's work on the anatomy and physiology of phænogamous plants. The third will be an introduction to cryptogamic botany, by Professor W. G. Farlow, whose name is well and honourably known on both sides of the Atlantic. The concluding volume will deal with system and classification, and ten years ago, in the preface to the series, Professor Asa Gray said that he "hoped rather than expected" to write it himself. It might, perhaps, be considered doubtful whether the volume on cryptogamous botany should not, in strictness, precede that on "phænogamous" botany; but, as each volume is a distinct treatise, the point is not material. It will, however, be noticed that Professor Goodale has been compelled to deal with cryptogams "so far as their study throws light on certain features of the anatomy and physiology of phænogams."

Although Professor Goodale's work covers in a great measure the same ground as Professor Sachs's work on the *Physiology of Plants*, it is not designed to supersede or compete with that admirable treatise. Professor Sachs's book is very much larger, and bristles throughout with controversial matter. Professor

\* *Flores Historiarum*. Edited by Henry Richards Luard, D.D., Fellow of Trinity College and Registrar of the University, Cambridge. Vol. I. The Creation to A.D. 1066. Published by the Authority of the Lords Commissioners of Her Majesty's Treasury, under the Direction of the Master of the Rolls. London: Eyre & Spottiswoode. Edinburgh: Adam & Charles Black. Dublin: Hodges, Figgis, & Co.

\* *Gray's Botanical Text-book*. Sixth Edition. Vol. II. Physiological Botany. By George Lincoln Goodale, A.M., M.D., Professor of Botany in Harvard University. London: Macmillan & Co. 1890.

Goodale aims rather at giving the student just emerging from the elementary stage a clear and impartial conspectus of all that has been achieved in vegetable physiology up to the present day without committing him to disputed theories. As the work covers an enormous extent of ground, it is necessarily very condensed; so much so that at times it reads almost like an analysis. As such it has not and cannot be expected to have all the charm of Professor Sachs's lectures, which years ago came as a revelation to many of those who had been brought up in the old school of botany. Nevertheless, it cannot fail to be extremely useful, not only on account of its clear and comprehensive presentation of the facts of vegetable physiology in a short compass, but also on account of the excellent instructions designed to enable students to carry out those practical exercises and experiments which form the best introduction to botany, and without which, indeed, there can be no real understanding of the subject. Useful hints with regard to the management of the microscope, the preparation of mounts, media, reagents, and stains are given in the introduction; interesting experiments are suggested in the course of the work; and a noteworthy series of practical exercises, both histological and physiological, will be found in the appendix.

As long ago as 1674 it had been observed that the green leaves are laboratories for the preparation of the nutriment of plants, and that the material drawn up in water from the roots is converted into new chemical combinations in the leaves before it can be utilized for purposes of growth. About fifty years later Hales saw clearly that the food of a plant was not derived wholly from the soil, but that a large part of it must be absorbed in the form of gas. But it was not until about the beginning of the present century that chemical progress enabled botanists to discover that plants were continually absorbing oxygen and forming carbonic acid, and that under the influence of light the leaves absorb carbonic acid and exhale oxygen. The fundamental fact that vegetable tissue consists of "cells" was discovered as long ago as 1665 (as Professor Goodale tells us) by Robert Hooke, and the delicate framework of these cells was ably investigated a few years afterwards by Malpighi and Grew; but it was not until the present century had got well on its way that, with the labours of Moldenhawer, Von Mohl, Nägeli, and Hofmeister, a real understanding of the structure and function of vegetable tissues began to be possible. In the last fifty years an extraordinary advance has been made in almost every direction, and the widening of the boundaries of our knowledge still proceeds at such a rate that a very few years suffice to make a text-book appear antiquated. With the expansion of the science the difficulty of presenting a synoptical view of the whole within moderate limits is proportionately increased. A modern treatise covering the two great departments of vegetable histology and physiology in flowering plants alone, must deal first of all with the "cell," its walls, and its contents, detailing and describing the many different kinds included under the names of Parenchyma and Prosenchyma; it must analyse the minute structure and development of the root, stem, leaf, fruit, flower, and seed; it must explain what is known of the properties, movements, and structure of protoplasm, the absorption and transfer of liquids in plants, osmosis, diffusion, transpiration, evaporation, and respiration; it must determine the part played in the growth of the plant by the various materials drawn from the soil and the atmosphere, and the manner and conditions of their assimilation; it must cover the whole question of metabolism or the transmutation of the products of assimilation into the substance of the plant; it must explain the manner and conditions of the growth of the plant by cell-division, and the influence upon growth of light, heat, and gravitation, together with the intricate phenomena of the movements of growing plants; and we have still left the two large questions of reproduction and germination. Almost any one of these matters, fully treated, would suffice to fill a large volume; and there can be no doubt that Professor Goodale has achieved in a masterly manner the difficult task of summarizing clearly and impartially in a volume of 478 pages the results of a branch of science comprising so many different lines of inquiry. It should be borne in mind, however, that although the book is published in 1890, the preface, written apparently after its completion, is dated 1885. This may account for the cases in which the very latest views are not given—as, for instance, on the question of the division of the cell-nucleus. We believe that in a later work Professor Strasburger, whose account is followed in this book, has considerably modified his opinions on the subject. On the other hand, it does not always happen that the latest views are the best. In this connexion it is interesting to find that Professor Goodale, while duly noticing the important contributions made by Professor Sachs and others to the question of plant-movements, is by no means disposed to concur in the unqualified condemnation which has been passed in some quarters upon Darwin's suggestive book on the *Power of Movement in Plants*.

#### DICTIONARY OF NATIONAL BIOGRAPHY.—VOL. XXIII.\*

THIS volume opens with a batch of Grays, whom the exigencies of alphabetical arrangement separate by more than a hundred

pages from their congeners the Greys. Gray the poet is the most remarkable representative of the first form of the name. His biographer is Mr. Leslie Stephen, who gives us an article full of facts, and containing some good critical remarks. We do not, however, admire the statement that "he succeeded only in secreting a few poems." This calls up the image of a computer stuffing his compromising papers into his boots. After a while it dawns upon us that Mr. Stephen thinks of poetry as being secreted like musk or civet—a specimen of the fashionable physiological jargon at which future generations will probably wonder and smile as we do at Euphuism.

Students of modern ecclesiastical history will be interested in the two Bishops Gray—the stout-hearted prelate who unflinchingly held his cathedral service while the Bristol rioters were masters of the city, and his son the Metropolitan of Africa. The names of Sir John Gray and his son Edmund Dwyer Gray connect themselves with modern Irish politics. We also notice Dr. Gray, the naturalist, and his wife, whose services to conchology and algology entitle her to a separate article. The Greys in the peerage are, as readers of history well know, bewildering. Earl Grey, of Reform Bill fame, who receives about six pages of notice from Mr. Hamilton, is indeed a sufficiently distinct figure; and Spenser's Knight of Justice preserves the memory of that stern ruler of Ireland, Arthur Lord Grey of Wilton. The name of Lady Jane Grey will occur to every one; but she is not here, having been already noticed under her married name of Dudley. The Greys of whom we have spoken as bewildering are the fourteenth- and fifteenth-century lords—Grey of Ruthin, Grey of Codnor, Grey of Wilton, Grey of Rotherfield, Grey of Heton, Grey of Powys, Grey Lord Ferrers of Groby, Grey Marquess of Dorset. In the task of distinguishing one from another, the articles before us will be very helpful. We have, however, failed to find a notice of the Sir Ralf Grey who defended Bamburgh Castle against the Earl of Warwick in 1464. Before stating positively that Thomas Grey, afterwards Marquess of Dorset, who fought on the Yorkist side at Tewkesbury, "was one of those who took part in the murder of Prince Edward," it would be well to have ascertained that Prince Edward was murdered—notoriously one of the disputed points of history.

Many will turn at once to Professor Creighton's appreciative and sympathetic account of the historian John Richard Goss; and, together with this, we may mention the articles, by Mr. Marshall and Mr. Hunt, on two historical writers held in high esteem among students, though not so widely known as Green—Edwin Guest and Arthur West Haddan. Thomas Hill Green of philosophic fame, now well known to the outer world of novel-readers as Grey in *Robert Elsmere*, is treated of by Mr. Leslie Stephen. The dramatist Robert Greene, a choice specimen of the Elizabethan literary Bohemian, is the subject of an elaborate notice by Mr. Bullen. The historian Grote receives a long—we might say lengthy—article by Professor Croom Robertson. We question whether the writer should (as he appears to do) class Dr. Southwood Smith among "men of no mark." We have always understood that Southwood Smith was decidedly of mark in the Benthamite circle; and it is not the business of a biographer of Grote to be scornful of Benthamites. Perhaps the description is to be understood to apply not later than the year in question, 1827; but, even so, he had already written his remarkable article in the *Westminster* on the "Use of the Dead to the Living."

Mr. Sidney Lee's account of Grocyn and Mr. Welch's article on the Greshams are of much interest. Dr. Luard supplies an account of the great churchman Robert Grosseteste; and the poetic story of St. Guthlac of Crowland is well told by Miss Kate Norgate. "Guy of Warwick," who is the subject of an elaborate article by Mr. Lee, belongs to the domain of myth rather than of history; but as he was at one time completely accepted as a historical personage, his admission into the Dictionary is justified. Dr. Greenhill's account of Valentine Greentrakes, "the stroller," will be read with interest in these days of "faith-healing." Mr. Knight adds Nell Gwyn, one of the favourite figures of popular history, to his gallery of theatrical portraits. Among bad characters we notice Grierson of Lag, the Covenanters' persecutor, doomed to a terrible immortality as the Sir Robert Redgrave of "Wandering Willie's Tale." There are minor and more prosaic scoundrels—such as the murderer James Greenacre, who at one time was well known as a local Radical politician in the Borough, "advocating advanced political and religious views," and who in his last prison days displayed the versatility of the professional politician by first canting, and then, when that proved of no avail, blaspheming. Barnard Gregory, the editor of the *Satirist*, is also, in a milder way, a specimen of human meanness. In reference to this article, we must observe that the sentimental slang of "an unfortunate woman," without even the apology of inverted commas, should be kept out of such a work. Pursuing our researches into scoundrelism, we would gladly make a present to the French or the Americans of George Grieve or Greive, who brought Mme. du Barry to the guillotine as a native of "Newcastle, Amérique," the fact appears to be that he was born a freeman of Alnwick in Northumberland. There he played the part of a village Hampden in opposition to the Duke of Northumberland; afterwards he went to America, and thence to France, where he came down to the base work of hunting "la Du Barry" to death by the aid of suborned servants.

\* *Dictionary of National Biography*. Edited by Leslie Stephen and Sidney Lee. Vol. XXIII. Gray—Haighton. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1890.



His description of himself, as appended to a pamphlet published in 1793, is worth quoting for its inflated absurdity:—

Grave, défenseur officieux des braves sans-culottes de Louveciennes, ami de Franklin et de Marat, factieux et anarchiste de premier ordre, et déorganisateur du despotisme dans les deux hémisphères depuis vingt ans.

## FRENCH LITERATURE.

M. DE BOUCHAUD'S small volume of verse (1), which is so little pretentiously produced that the author naively confesses a dropped syllable in his *errata*, is chiefly noticeable because, in the dearth of new French poetry of any value, it shows at least a good attempt in a good vein. That vein may be best described, though the description may sound rather paradoxical, as a mixture of Lamartine and Baudelaire. We say this may seem paradoxical, but it will not seem so to close students of French poetry. For the note which we intend to indicate by it has been sounded in more places than one; notably in the masterpieces of two single-speech poets, the now almost hackneyed sonnet of Arvers, and the rather less known, but almost equally good, "Ils ont dit, l'amour passe et sa flamme est rapide" of Ulrice Guttinguer. M. de Bouchaud does not often arrive at this note, perhaps never arrives at it in its perfection, but he is hovering round it, and may reach it some day.

We can hardly speak so well of M. André Lénéka's *Feuilles tombées* (2). It is a particularly well-intentioned little book, and one is almost bribed to like it by meeting "après tant de jours, après tant de pleurs," an actual invocation to the muse at the outset:—

Daigneras-tu descendre un instant du Parnasse  
À mes appels, ô muse?

But unluckily the muse, like other young ladies, is apt to be deaf to "respectuous" appeals, and to smile upon bolder methods of wooing, and we are much afraid that she stayed on Parnassus and paid no attention to M. Lénéka. He has excellent poetical velleities; he may perhaps be a poet some day, but he is not one yet.

We have not ourselves any extraordinary affection for the romance with keys—or without them—the historical novel which professes to celebrate State secrets and moving incidents which have not got into history proper. But there are some people who like it very much. Their taste will be fitted by *La Savelli* (3), which tells, or would fain tell, the under-side of the Orsini conspiracy. It is not ill written, and the heroine has some attraction.

What may be called the Jouaust-Vitu-Leloir edition of Molière's plays, each by each, has reached the charming trifle, and something more than trifle, called *La critique de l'École des femmes* (4), the dialogue of which is as Molièresque as the author's very greatest work, while the audacity of the general scheme (though somewhat less in its own days than it would be now) must always give it additional interest. M. Vitu's introduction is chiefly devoted to an attempt to destroy the famous anecdote (passed as possible by many severe critics of the Molière legend) as to La Feuille and his buttons and Molière's face and "Tarte à la crème!" For ourselves we profess very frankly that we do not care even one of the articles partly in question whether it is true or not. M. Leloir's frontispiece is pretty, as usual, though the piece does not give him opportunity for any very "hitting" illustration.

All the five volumes (5-9) of fiction before us, though they bear apparently substantive titles, are in reality collections of short stories, things which were always more popular in France than in England, but to which the industry of a few ingenious writers appears to have given a special vogue recently. M. Ricard has occasionally lent his considerable talent to the following of some of those writers not on their best lines; and we confess that we are tired of things *à la mode*. But "Les grands yeux," "Hôtel à vendre," "Le violon de l'abbé," and others, are good. The opening and title-story of M. Berr de Turique's volume is of a good Drozian kind, though one rather hard-worked of late. "Un cil" is very well written, and "Le dernier cigare" shows how an unfortunate gentleman was exposed to Fitzbood's temptation, and fell even as the great George did, though less fatally. M. Jacques Fréhel goes in for strong local colour, and has shown that he can manage it not unskillfully in his principal story (the heroine whereof is a Calvados fisher-girl), in his "Un amour au Soudan," and in others. The short story, however, wants character-interest as well as interest of description, and in this respect M. Fréhel is, perhaps, not so happy. We have seen some interesting work of different kinds from

M. Alexandre Lambert de Sainte-Croix, and the adjective may certainly be applied to this collection of stories. The first, "L'œillet blanc," a story of Parisian marriage-making told by letters, is sufficiently amusing; and "La nuit du 22 décembre, 1870," is at least a good notion. But perhaps "Le curé de Garbais" is the best. This tells how a valiant freethinking Commune in the South, full of the principle of "Ni dieu ni maître," shut up its church, refused to rebuild its ruined parsonage, and thought it had triumphed, but was reduced positively to sue for a curé by a revolt of woman and the diplomacy of the bishop. M. de Saint-Aulaire can imagine stories better than he can tell them. "Une histoire de revenant," with great capabilities, sins against all the laws of a good story of the kind; and the title-tale, which is also the longest, has a *donnée*—the aversion to marriage excited in a "candid" girl by the sudden discovery of her mother's misconduct—which is not only disagreeable but, as managed by the author, both unreasonable and uninteresting. "Le secret du pâtre" is somewhat better.

We have before us two French courses—*Longman's French Course*, Part I. (London: Longmans), by Mr. Bertenshaw, and a new *Elementary French Course*, by Professor Darqué. The first is a useful book, not differing in essentials from most of its many rivals. M. Darqué's has more originality, but we own that its originality comes in a questionable shape. Still, as the author seems to aim solely at facilitating the pupil in his dealings with everyday French, as he protests against classics of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and as he is almost tearful about the habit of studying poetry, he will please some folk nowadays.

## NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

*THE Labour Movement in America*, by Richard T. Ely (Heinemann), is not merely an instructive book because of the very considerable light it throws upon the subject indicated by the title. The sketch of the growth and aims of the various trades' combinations in the United States is, indeed, both interesting and valuable. But even more suggestive and notable is that portion of Mr. Ely's volume wherein is traced the spread of Socialism in America, with its relation to *bona-fide* working-men's Associations, and its inevitable tendency to gravitate towards the fanatical propaganda of the International or rank anarchy. Mr. Ely does not, indeed, lay any stress upon this tendency. He is at great pains to bring out with proper clearness every point of divergence between the creed of the "better-balanced minds" of those who compose the Socialistic Labour Party and those of the Black or the Red International Societies, in all of whom working-men predominate. It is not the less clear, however, that there is a setting of the tide towards the extremists, and every one knows what kind of union would result if ever those bodies became united. Communism, as Mr. Ely points out, has long existed in the United States, in such forms as Shakerism, experimental Fourierism, and so forth. But Socialism is a foreign growth, an importation, whose chief mouthpieces are German disciples of Marx and Lassalle, and masters of more than one language. Mr. Ely tells, by the way, of an Anarchist barber who disseminated Lassalle's works in English and had lately taken up Spanish. This is an illustration of the educational training that results from the Labour Movement in America. The organs of the Socialists are German or English prints, the Anarchist papers are almost all German. The transformation in recent years of one of the most infamous of the latter, the *Verbote* of Chicago, from Socialism to an Anarchist print that vies with the *Freiheit* in its insane and filthy attacks on religion, order, &c., is a striking sign of the times. Having quoted sufficiently of these, Mr. Ely sets himself to inquire who are the teachers of these teachers of American workmen? Where do the Internationalists learn, and of whom? "The inquiry is a delicate one," says Mr. Ely, "for it involves names highly honoured." Marx and Lassalle are, of course, prophets; but chief among the names highly honoured are found Mr. Herbert Spencer and the late Mr. Buckle. Philosophers may think it is a wide gulf that separates Mr. Spencer from the *Verbote* and the ravings of John Most; though practical men, like Mr. Ely, are shrewd judges of cause and effect. Some entertaining Anarchist opinions are cited by the author on the red flag and the colour "red." Mr. Frederic Harrison, by the way, thinks that the colour does not represent "violence in any way"—not to French workmen, at least—but the peaceful republic of industry. The International prints of America are not slow in following Mr. Harrison's example. They don't all say the same thing; but they all agree in saying that the red flag means many beautiful things, and is quite harmless as a symbol. And Mr. Ely observes, "It is thus seen that the red flag in itself is innocent." "In itself" has much virtue.

In a little collection of fairy-love and folk-tales of the Isle of Man—*Shadowland in Ellan Vannin*, by I. H. Leney (Mrs. J. W. Russell), (Elliot Stock)—a story of second-sight holds the first place, and rightly, for it is as curious and complete as anything chronicled of this singular gift of prescience. Unfortunately there is no voucher for the accuracy of the recital, such as we have in many Scottish anecdotes of the kind. The author has set this, and other sketches, in the guise of fiction, and of course it is impossible to separate her "embellishment" from the original form as told to her. But Mrs. Russell shows some of the storyteller's

(1) *Mémoires*. Par P. de Bouchaud. Lyon: Georg.

(2) *Feuilles tombées*. Par André Lénéka. Paris: Tresse et Stock.

(3) *La Savelli*. Par Gilbert-Augustin Thierry. Paris: Colin.

(4) *La critique de l'École des femmes*. Paris: Librairie des Bibliophiles.

(5) *Histoires fin de siècle*. Par J. Ricard. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(6) *Jacquas et Jacqueline*. Par J. Berr de Turique. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(7) *Dorian*. Par Jacques Fréhel. Paris: Plon.

(8) *L'œillet blanc*. Par A. L. de Sainte-Croix. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(9) *La création d'Angèle*. Par le Comte A. de Saint-Aulaire. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

art in the story "Off Maughold Head." The narrator gives a circumstantial account of the murder of a friend of which he thought himself a witness one moonlight night on the coast of the Isle of Man. Nothing could be more convincing, more horribly vivid, than the vision. A week or so later his friend disappears, and, as is afterwards proved, was murdered. Long afterwards, the murderer confesses, and in all respects the "second-sight" proves to have been a correct prevision of the deed. A story of the exchanging of a "changeling," and another of the magic that lies in a "kiern," or rowan, rod, are good examples of popular fairylore by no means peculiar to Manx folk.

*A Summer Holiday in Europe*, by Mary Elizabeth Blake, of Boston, U.S. (Dublin: Eason), is a pleasant little volume of an American lady's impressions of travel in Great Britain, Ireland, France, and Switzerland. There is nothing fresh or individual in the writer's observations of men and women and foreign cities, though all she says is said without affectation, and therefore is pleasing. Her praise of Paris is precisely what thousands feel and do not utter, and when she declares she is thoroughly at home in London, her judgment is that of most of her compatriots.

Edited by Mr. L. Clarke Davis is a pretty volume devoted to the history of "the gifts of Mr. George W. Childs" to Stratford-on-Avon, Westminster Abbey, St. Thomas's, Winchester, and St. Margaret's, Westminster. *The Story of the Memorial Fountain to Shakspeare* (Cambridge: Riverside Press) supplies a full record of how and in what manner Mr. Childs, of Philadelphia, honoured the memory of Milton, Shakspeare, Herbert, Cowper, and Bishops Andrewes and Ken. Herein are chronicled the meetings, the speeches, the correspondence, called forth by the handsome and appropriate action of Mr. Childs in England and in America.

Among recent verse we have *Songs of the Army of the Night*, by Francis Adams (Vizetelly & Co.), a book composed of such mere sound and fury as is like nothing so much as the wrath of *Père Duchesne*. The snarling of a mad dog were more impressive than the spluttering of Mr. Adams. It was right valorous in him to revise the Australian edition of his book before issuing it in "a caste and cant-ruled country like England."

Mr. T. B. Peacock, the poet of Topeka, has re-collected his poems—introducing several new songs and ballads—in a volume entitled *Poems of the Plains and Songs of the Solitudes* (New York: Putnam's Sons). Though cast in an old metrical form, and not free from conventional graces of poetic diction, there is much freshness, as of the Wild West, about Mr. Peacock's spirited "Rhyme of the Border War."

Recent additions to Messrs. Wheeler & Co.'s "Indian Railway Library" comprise Mr. Rudyard Kipling's admirable sketches *In Black and White*, and Mr. Brownlow Fford's *The Trotter and The Subaltern*, &c., both illustrated by the author (Sampson Low & Co.). Of Mr. Fford's stories the latter, an amusing extravaganza dealing with the exploits of an extremely gifted burglar in Poona, is by much the more entertaining.

Dr. W. Hale White's lectures at Guy's Hospital on therapeutics appear in expanded form, with many excellent diagrams, as a compact yet comprehensive *Text-Book of General Therapeutics* (Macmillan & Co.).

By "Nautical Veritas"—an odd signature for one who has been "nearly forty years at sea," and writes intelligible English—we have a brief pamphlet *On Loss of Ships and Life at Sea* (Birkenhead: Wilson & Jones), containing suggestions on the subject of collisions, the carrying of boats by steamers and sailing vessels, ship-signals in fogs, and other matters, that appear to be worthy of consideration.

Among new editions we have to acknowledge *The Elements of the English Language*, by Ernest Adams, revised by J. I. Davis (Bell & Sons); *The True History of Joshua Davidson*, by Mrs. Lynn Linton (Methuen & Co.); *Eli's Children*, by G. Manville Fenn, third edition (Methuen & Co.); and the fifth and enlarged edition of *Shaw, the Life Guardsman*, by Lieut.-Colonel Knollys (Dean & Son).

We have also received *The Journal of Philology*, No. 37, edited by Messrs. W. Aldis Wright, Ingram Bywater, and Henry Jackson (Macmillan & Co.); the current re-issue of Mr. Thomas Carter's *British War Medals* (Groombridge); *Tennis, Rackets, and Fives*, by Julian Marshall, Major Spens, and the Rev. J. A. Arnan Tait, "All England Series" (Bell & Sons); *Baths and Bathing*, fourth edition, by Dr. Joseph Farrar (Bristol: Wright & Co.); *My Churchwardens*, by a Vicar (Skeffington); *Epitomes of Three Sciences* (Chicago: Open Court Co.); Runeberg's *Nadeschda*, translated, with a biographical note, by Mrs. J. B. Shipley (New York: Alden); *Through Sorrow's Fire*, by Miriam Marsh, a weak and amateurish story (Digby & Long); *Poems*, by Alice E. Argent (Chelmsford: Durrant); *Domleight, not Domlet*, by the Rev. F. T. Bramston (Skeffington); *Sesenheim*, selected from Goethe's *Dichtung und Wahrheit*, edited, with notes, by H. C. O. Huss (Boston: Heath); *The Worth of the Old Testament*, a sermon by Canon Liddon, second edition (Rivington); *Christ and Modern Theists*, by the Rev. J. Dale, second edition (Kegan Paul); Parts VII. and VIII. of the *Classical Picture Gallery*, edited by Professor von Reber and Dr. Bayersdorfer (Grevell & Co.); *The Maybrick Trial*, "a toxicological study," by Messrs. C. M. Tidy and Rawdon Macnamara (Baillière, Tindall, & Cox); No. 7 of the *American Journal of Photography* (Philadelphia: McCollin); and the annual *Transactions of the Aberdeen Ecological Society*.

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